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THE MYSTIC POWER.

BY W. REED REYS.

From soul to soul the mystic current runs;
We feel the power but cannot understand:
The ebb and flow successive pleasures bring,
Like silv'ry waves kissing the golden strand.

Sweeter than life—this power shall bind us still,
When all the changing scenes of life are past:
Love cannot die! And up beyond the stars
'Twill be eternal, perfect love at last.

A DEAD HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER a few weeks I grew quite accustomed to the monotony of my life, rising early and walking over to the stone-quarry. It was a picturesque spot, this quarry, lying between Glen and Carnsore—a wild heath, dotted over with shrubs, and covered with grass and heather. The quarry was in the midst. Most of the men lived at Glen, but Carnsore was more convenient for me.

I remembered what Sir Aleck had said, that if I wanted to spend my evenings profitably, they were my own. My life was my own, to do as I would with. I resolved to make the best of it. All through the long day I kept my thoughts with my work. I would not let them wander. Duty was my watchword, and duty must be done. There were times when trying to control and manage those rough and coarse men, memories of my other life came over me; but I trampled them down. It was not those that brought me on my face in Glen Forest, longing to die. On the contrary, a man's courage came to me. The greater my difficulties, the greater grew my patience, my resignation, and my perseverance. I gave my days to work, my nights to study; but joy dawned for me at last.

I had been there a year and a day, when, one summer evening, a fancy seized me to go and look at Glen church. Angels visit us in fancy's guise, I believe, at times. This fancy was the white angel of my life. I went. Glen is a pretty place, half village, half town; and three miles to the west of it stands Atherstone Hall, the seat of Sir Aleck Glen. On this fair June evening, when the lingering sounds from the quarry were all hushed, and birds were singing their vesper hymn, I went through the beautiful woods, known as Glen Forest, to Glen. Great sturdy oaks and graceful birches sheltered the pretty houses. The church was at the other end of the town, but the sound of the bells drew me surely and safely there. Groups of happy children stood in the churchyard; there were gay flags, and the sound of a band of music.

"What is it?" I asked of a little child who stood near the gates.

"The children's treat," she answered.

"Heaven bless the happy children," thought I, "and may never one amongst them be so desolate as I am!"

I stood watching them, listening with delight to their shrill laughter. To me there is no sound on earth so musical as the laughter of a child. Suddenly my eyes fell on a little group under one of the spreading lime-trees, and my life was never the same again.

A tired child had fallen asleep and a girl had taken him in her arms to rest. The light that falls through the lime-tree—half green, half golden—fell on the graceful head of the girl bent over the sleeping child. I saw nothing more. The church, the dark yews in the distance, the groups of children, the gay flags—all vanished from my sight.

I saw nothing but that one lovely face and graceful head—a face of strange wondrous beauty, of a type most uncommon; for the hair was of purest, brightest gold, full of waves and ripples, while the eyes were dark as night—splendid, lustrous, full of passion and of poetry. Long dark lashes shaded them, and the brows were straight as those of the goddesses of ancient Rome. Her face was oval in contour, with a complexion that reminded me of the pretty comparison, "crimson shells, and white sea foam." Such a face, so lovely, so charming; a fresh red mouth, with delicious curves and dimples. It was pleasant to hear her speak, to watch her smile. I stood looking at her, watching her intently; and as I looked I loved her, with the love that was my doom.

I forgot that my name was accursed; that my dear father slept in a suicide's grave; that I was poor, obscure and friendless. The grandest dower on earth seemed suddenly to have become mine. It was only a woman's face, and yet for me it held the brightness of earth and heaven.

I cannot tell how long I stood in silent happiness, too deep for words. Her tenderness pleased and delighted me, quite as much as her beauty. How her white arms clasped the sleeping child, and her lips fondly kissed him!

When the groups of children were breaking up, I went to a young girl whom I had seen speaking to the child.

"Will you tell me," I asked, "who is the young lady there under the lime-tree, with the child in her arms?"

"That is Miss Miriam May Dacre," she replied.

And the words were to me as the sweetest chime of silver bells. "Miriam May Dacre!" The music of it has haunted me through long Indian days, when the burning heat was torture, through long nights of captivity, through sickness and the shadow of death. I heard it when I lay ill in Abel Blithe's house. I hear it now; I shall ever hear it.

"Miriam May Dacre?" I asked again. "Who is she?"

"She is the daughter of the curate, who lives at the white house with the green gate, over there."

Then I remembered to have heard that the curate of Glen was the Reverend Antony Dacre; but of his daughter I knew nothing.

"Miss Dacre is always kind to the children," said the girl; "and they all love her."

"Happy children!" thought I. "Would I were one of them!"

I watched her in the distance, taking care that no one should see me, until she rose, and gave the child to its sister. I saw her speaking to the children. Then I saw her go to her father, and walk home with him. I followed at a distance: some magic drew me, some irresistible fatal charm. I stood under the trees, which began to drip with dew, until I saw the lights vanish in the white house. All night I dreamed of the sweet face, of the dark tender eyes and golden hair. When morning came I had but one idea. It was to go once more to Glen, and look at her. I did not dream of speaking to her. I dared not hope that she would be anything to me, except an ideal whom I could love madly as I would, and worship in my own fashion. Every evening I could go to the old church; and the white house was visible from all the fields round there. I should have but to wait until she went out or in, and the happiness of looking on her face would be all the world to me.

So my desolate dreary life took brightness, warmth, color, and shape. It was filled with a thousand graces, it became all poetry and romance, through the fire of this hidden love. It was my life—it was the sunshine that surrounded me. The birds sang the name of Miriam May Dacre, the wind whispered it.

I went every night to Glen as soon as the quarry work was finished, and I saw her repeatedly. Once I met her as she was crossing the high-road, and her beautiful dark eyes looked half curiously at me. I went home and lived on that look.

Fire must consume: life must have something to feed on. After three months of silent love and passionate adoration, it seemed to me my love must speak, must find a voice, must have utterance, must tell itself in words that burn. Yet how could it be? Fortune favored me. I went to Glen, and chanced to meet Mr. Dacre in a book-shop. I rendered him some service, which caused an introduction, and he appeared to take a liking to me. I introduced myself to him as Hulbert Gordon—how my heart and lips longed to add "Fane!" I told him that I managed the stone-quarry for Sir Aleck Glen; and his look said plainly, "You have known better days." When, after a long conversation, he found that Homer and Virgil, and the grand old Grecian singers, were familiar to me—when he knew that I had been at the same college at Oxford as himself—his heart warmed to me. He said once—

"An Oxford education and the management of a stone-quarry—the two things hardly go together. A reverse of fortune, I suppose?"

"Yes," I answered sadly enough.

I should have liked to tell him the truth, but I had promised my mother and Sir Aleck that it should die with me.

To my intense delight, he asked me to dine with him on the Sunday following—to sit at the same table, to be under the same roof, breathe the same air, as Miriam! I stood at last in the pretty house I had watched incessantly, kindly welcomed by its master and its invalid mistress. Then Miriam came to me, holding out one white hand in greeting. I touched her hand, and the very touch took me to paradise.

Mr. Dacre having given me a pressing invitation, I went again. This time it was evening. The curate had gone out to visit some sick woman; Mrs. Dacre, who had been an invalid for many years, sat at the open window; and Miriam was in the garden. I sat and talked to the curate's wife for some minutes, my eyes drinking in the beauty of the other face and figure. Then she said—

"Would you like to join my daughter? We have some pretty flowers, and she will be pleased to show them to you."

I thought of it when Abel Blithe spoke of "my lady's garden," and how she loved the old-fashioned flowers best. I went out to her. It would be useless to try to remember—blue sky and green turf, tall trees, red roses, all became one. I stood looking into her face, powerless to move or to speak, knowing that I loved her so passionately: my heart and soul had gone out to her, and were my own no longer. I remembered that she talked to me, laughed at me, teased me in her bright, sweet fashion, and then asked me how I came by such a quaint name as Hulbert. I told her that it had been a common name in my mother's family. Then I took courage, and told her that I thought her name, "Miriam May Dacre," was the most beautiful in the wide world.

"Since I heard it," I said, "I have heard nothing else. All the music of the world lies in it!"

"When did you first hear it?" she asked me.

"One evening in June, at the children's treat, I saw you nursing a tired child under one of the lime-trees."

"And you heard my name then, and have remembered it ever since?" she said slowly.

"And shall remember it while I have any memory. I have seen no other face, and have heard no other words since then."

Her sweet face flushed a little, and she drew shyly away from me. Then she added musingly—

"You must have thought a great deal about me?"

I laughed aloud. Thought of her! I had no other thought. Yet I dared not tell her that I loved her: she was so fair, so proud, so pure. She seemed farther from me than the golden stars or the white-robed angels. I might worship from a distance, but to tell her I loved her I had no courage. She was so much a child, and so much an angel, that I fancied human love would profane her. She grew fairer every day in my eyes.

It became quite a matter of course for me to go to the house every evening. Sometimes I smoked a cigar with the curate; again I read the paper to Mrs. Dacre, or talked to her; but oftener still I wandered through the garden with Miriam. There was a row of chestnut-trees, tall and stately; there was an avenue of limes that led from the garden to the church; and from between the chestnut-trees there were glimpses of Glen Forest and clover-fields. There we lingered, hour after hour, watching the sun set and the moon rise; but no matter how kind she was to me, I never dared to say I loved her.

So the summer and autumn passed, but winter brought dearer delight. Miriam loved music, so did I, and there was an excellent piano at Lime Cottage. We spent whole evenings at it, and I sang to her what I never dared to say. Oh, the passion of love, of longing, of tenderness I lavished on her under the guise of music and song! I must have grown faint hearted at last, for I remember one day finding some beautiful verses, written by one of our sweetest poets. They seemed to fit my case—the world would have been so different if my love had me. I set them to music, a plaintive air, that seemed to fit the words, and took the song with me. The night comes back to me vividly as though it has been yesterday; the pretty, bright parlor, Mrs. Dacre in her easy-chair, the curate reading at his table, and I at the other end of the room. I remember the glow of the firelight, the light of the lamp, and my darling's face growing sweeter and sadder as I sang to her "A Life's Regret."

As I sang the last words I felt my eyes fill with tears, and the sound died on my lips. How they came from the depth of my heart—"Oh, love, my love, had you but loved me!" I looked at her, since words failed me, and found she had grown white as a lily. I looked round: the curate had disappeared—he could not study perhaps while we sang—and gentle Mrs. Dacre slept. The crimson glow of the firelight filled the room; the sweet pale face was wet with tears.

"Your song is so sad," she said; "yet I love sad music best."

"My song was all for you," I cried, "every word! I set it to music that I might sing it to you. It tells just what I shall think and say in the years to come."

"In the years to come?" she repeated sadly.

"Yes; when I have gone away, and my life is centred in my memory of these few months."

"But why should you go away?" she asked.

"The words of the song give the reason 'Oh, my love, my love, had you but loved me?'"

"That is poetry," she said with a shy sweet smile: "talk to me in prose. You would go," she said, "because——"

"Because," I interrupted, "my love does not love me!"

There was a moment's silence; I could hear my own heart; a flush like fire burned her face. She said, in a shy whisper—

"How do you know?"

My heart echoed the words. Indeed, how did I know?

"She is so far above me," I replied, "The stars in heaven are not farther from my reach than she is."

"Does she think so?" whispered the same shy voice.

"I do not know; I cannot tell. I have never dared to ask her."

"Then you should not come to rash conclusions," she answered quickly. I saw the flush on her face, the light in her eyes. "Good-night," she said hurriedly, holding out to me her soft hand—"good night, Mr. Gordon."

"Stop, Miriam," I cried—"one minute!"

But she was gone before I knew what to say, leaving me bewildered with happiness, fear, and doubt. Did she know that I loved her? and had she spoken so to encourage me? No, that could never be! I waited as long as I dare, but she did not come back. Then, growing desperate, I said—

"I should like to see Miss Dacre."

The little maid-servant came back to tell me that Miss Dacre was tired, and had gone to her room. Mrs. Dacre looked up in mild wonder and said—

"Dear me, what a strange thing for Miriam to do!"

I went away then, longing to be out in the moonlight alone. "Oh, love, my love," I sang to myself, "do you love me?"

CHAPTER VI.

I KNEW it at last—knew the truth of my hopes, the falsity of my fears—knew that I had won for my own the truest, noblest, and most faithful heart that ever beat. I did not see Miriam after that evening until Sunday, and then I managed to meet her coming out of the church door.

"May I take you home, Miss Dacre?" I asked quickly. "And shall we go round by the forest?"

"Not through the forest," she replied. "I have but half an hour, Mr. Gordon."

"Well, round by the forest without going into it," I said; and she consented.

But, though she talked to me, her eyes drooped from mine, and never rested on my face. We went by the pretty shaded path which led to the forest. I longed to be alone with her, to be where we could see no faces, hear no voices, under the broad blue sky—where I could talk to her at my will, and without fear. We were there at last: the scene returns to me as it has done a thousand times since. It was in the beginning of February, and the day was mild and bright. There was a faint odor of violets; and away in the gardens the snowdrops had raised their white heads. There was a splendid view of the forest from where we stood—of the great trees, with their bare branches rising like giant arms to the sky.

"Miriam," I said—her name came quite familiarly to me in moments of deep emotion—"I want to ask you a question. My life or death depends on your answer. I love you as I honestly believe no man ever loved a woman before, with the whole trust and force of my heart and soul, with all the love of my heart. Could you ever learn to care for me? Oh, love, my love, be pitiful to me!"

"I cannot learn to love you," she said, in a whisper. A low passionate cry came from my lips. She looked up with the fairest, sweetest smile. "Listen why," she said.

"Why, my darling?" I cried.

"Because I love you already," she said. "I learned that lesson some time since."

And then I clasped her in my arms, I kissed her fair face and her sweet lips over and over again. She was mine at last, my darling whom I had loved so long.

"You really love me, Miriam?" I cried.

"I really love you, she answered."

"And you will be my wife?" I asked.

"I will be your wife," she replied.

I was faint and giddy with my own emotion. I was dazed with my own great happiness.

"You do not think that I shall wake up and find this a dream?" I asked.

My darling laughed a sweet laugh that thrilled me with joy.

"Do I look like a dream?" she said. "You hold my hand tightly enough. It is not a phantom hand."

Nor was it, this sweet, rosy, soft hand that lay in mine. Still I was dazed.

"Miriam, do or say something that will prove to me I am awake, and not dreaming."

My darling, so pure, so shy, so bewitching, placed her tender hands on my shoulders, and raised her charming face to mine.

"I love you, Hulbert," she said gently, "with all my heart."

With that I was content. Content? That is a weak word. I was unutterably blessed.

Only half an hour, she had said; but two hours had gone by since we left the church. I had so much to tell her—all the pent-up love of those long months, all my doubts and fears. I found that she had seen me on that bright June evening, and had noticed how keenly I watched her; that she had known of my pilgrimages to Lime Cottage, and—bless the dear lips that owned the truth!—had loved me as long as I had loved her. Then, standing under the blue sky with the pure beautiful girl I had won for my wife, I realised for the first time the full bitterness of my fate. I longed to tell her my history, the story of my poor father and his buried wrong; I longed to lay every secret of my heart bare before her; but I could not. There must always be a secret in my life from her. Perhaps that clouded my face and saddened me, for two white hands were placed trustfully in mine, and a voice said:

"You have looked sad for the last time in your life, Hulbert, I shall make you happy always. There must never be a cloud on your face."

"Have you seen many clouds there, Miriam?" I asked.

"Sometimes. You have a fashion of looking sad and thoughtful, as though you had experienced some great trouble; but that must be nonsense. What trouble can you have had?"

I could not tell her about the green grave at Culross, or the grand old Hall, or the name of Fane, on which men said a curse rested. I could only kiss her and caress her, and pour out the whole wild worship of my heart on her.

As we walked back to Lime Cottage we met Sir Aleck; he was driving a pair of mettlesome horses; but that did not prevent him from looking long and earnestly at us. I touched my hat. Miriam looked up in sweet wonder.

"Do you know Sir Aleck?" she asked me.

"He is the owner of the great stone-quarry," I replied. What would she have thought or said had she known the truth? "Do you know him, Miriam?"

"He has called at Lime Cottage once or twice," she replied.

Fierce, hot, maddening jealousy seized me.

"Called at Lime Cottage for what?" I cried.

"To see my father. Sir Aleck goes to Carnsore church, but he takes some little interest in ours."

"Do you like him?" I asked abruptly.

"Like him!" she repeated. "I do not know him. No, I do not think I like him: his face does not please me, and he does not look what I call good."

Well might she wonder why I caught her in my arms and kissed her. I could not help it, although it was the high-road.

"Swear to me, Miriam, that you will never like anyone except me."

"I swear it," she answered.

"I love you so, my darling, that I am quite jealous of you. No one must look at you, talk to you, or try to take you from me."

"No one ever shall," she replied.

And then we reached Lime Cottage. I told Mr. Dacre that same afternoon that Miriam had consented to be my wife. He did not look quite pleased.

"That must be for the future," he replied. "My daughter has been delicately and daintily reared. I would not interfere with her happiness; but there is much to think of ere I can give her to you."

I think the spasm of pain that went over my face must have touched him.

I had not thought of that before. Why, of course, what had I to offer her? I, the manager of a stone-quarry, with an income of eighty pounds per annum, and no prospect of rising; and she the daintiest darling that ever lived, her beauty so fresh and so fair! We talked long and earnestly. He was not unkind to me; he did not refuse his consent; but he said plainly I must give up the quarry and try to make some way in the world.

"I like you," said Mr. Dacre, "and I trust you; but my beloved daughter must not marry into poverty: you must work for her, make a position, make a home for her, and then she shall be yours."

With that I had to be content, and Miriam owned it was more than she had expected. She stood before me, her sweet face raised to mine, her little white hands folded in my grasp.

"Papa is proud of me, Hulbert," she said; "and he thinks a little more of this world than mamma does. He has always said that I should marry some one very rich, with interest enough to make him a dean or a bishop." She laughed as she spoke. "We must be patient with him, if he seems a little disappointed," she continued, "and make all allowance for him. He does not know what you are, my darling."

"And you, Miriam—did you ever dream of marrying a rich man?" I asked half sadly.

"No; not in that sense of the word—never; but I am going to marry the richest man, rich in all I love best."

Her sweet lips met mine as she finished the words. My heart grew light with a sense of my one great happiness; for she loved me as I loved her, and I was content. The sky and the green earth were filled with new beauty, and my life was a dream!

On the following day I had to go to Glen on business, and I met her on the road. She looked up at me with her dark eyes.

"Hulbert," she said, "do you love me as much to-day as you did yesterday?"

I answered her in these beautiful words—

"'Since we parted yester-eve,
I do love thee, love, believe,
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer—thus much more
Than I loved thee, love, before.'"

Love her! Heaven help the man who loves a woman as I did her!

Three or four days of unutterable happiness followed, and then Sir Aleck Glen drove one morning to the quarry, and, for the first time since I had been employed there, asked to see me. We walked on the heath together.

"I wanted to see you for a few minutes," he said. "Of course it is no business of mine, and I have no right to interfere: still, for your mother's sake, I must say this. I saw you with a young lady, and, to say the least of it, you were on very good terms with each other. One word of warning, and I have done. You have no right to think of love or marriage yet: it means suicide for you."

"But you, Sir Aleck, have no right whatever to advise me," I replied.

"I quite expected you would say something of the kind," he answered, shrugging his shoulders; "but remember I have warned you in all kindness. That girl—I know her, Miriam Dacre—is a very beautiful girl; she ought to marry well; and it would be selfish to her and cruel to yourself to try to entangle her. I have no more to say."

"Nor have I patience to listen, Sir Aleck. I decline altogether to receive your advice, and have the honor to wish you good morning."

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW weeks more of happiness that was for me beyond all bliss. I had known so little of love, except that of my father. Of women's love I knew scarcely anything. My mother was not warm-hearted. I had no sisters, no cousins; and I had never had a sweetheart. What this first love was to me I could never tell; and Miriam Dacre was the ideal of a first love—so beautiful, so pure, so tender, so graceful. We were unutterably happy. Ah, well, Heaven was good to give us even this one glimpse of brightness; and then the truth came home to me! I must live no longer in the paradise of my darling's presence. I had to work for her. My love urged me to do that which no poverty would have driven me to.

I wrote to General Leigh, who had been an old friend of my father's, and asked him if he could assist me. I told him of my promise to keep my name secret while I lived. He was kinder than I had dared to hope. After long weeks of suspense and anxiety, he presented me with a commission in one of her Majesty's Cavalry Regiments—one of the finest in the service. They were known as the Red Lancers. General Leigh wrote kindly to me. He told me what examinations I should have to pass, and he enclosed a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"Your father did me a service once," he wrote; "and it is a pleasure to me to repay it to his son. I would do more for you, but I have sons of my own. You will have opportunities of distinguishing yourself, for the Red Lancers are ordered to India in September; and there will be, I have reason to believe, some warm work there. I need not say 'do your best:' I know you will. Let this be your first step on the ladder of fame. I shall hope to salute you as Colonel Gordon at some day not long distant."

I had attained my heart's desire; but at what a price! I must leave my darling. Ah, but my heart trusted her! She would be true and faithful unto death. She would wait for me, pray for me, love me. Thrice happy I to be so loved! I went at once to Lime Cottage with my news. Mr. Dacre shook my hands.

"I congratulate you," he said: "I can see your way to fame, fortune, and Miriam now."

Mrs. Dacre looked sadly at me.

"My dear," she said, "you had far better have been content. You will have to leave us."

I took my darling out amongst the roses, and told her there. Ah, how she wept, how she clung to me! Some presentiment of the sorrow to come must have hung over her.

"You are going so far away, Hulbert; and you will be gone for long years! How shall I bear it?"

I held her in my arms, and told her that a few years would soon pass. I should write to her by every mail, and should be working for her. I had no other vision than fame, honor, and victory before my eyes.

"If I could go with you, Hulbert! I wish the old days of romance were back! How long shall you be away?"

"Just so as I can win the fame and fortune that will make you mine, darling. And if I work very hard, it will not be long. My heart will rest in you; for I know that you will be true as the stars to me."

I needed no assurance how she loved me. The caress of those dear lips, the clinging of those tender arms, the murmur of loving words went with me over the pathless seas. If I had loved her less, I could not have left her. It was the force of my passionate love, the longing to win her, that sent me from her. My eyes were dim with tears; but I said to her—

"There is no help for it, my darling—none. If I remain here near you, you will never be mine. I am going to fight for my wife, and a fight it shall be; for I am determined to win her."

"I wonder," she said simply, "why we cannot all be rich and happy? If we had money now—either you or I—we need not part. India seems such a long way off—over those great seas. And—and, Hulbert, soldiers often die there."

"Not such a soldier as I mean to be, my darling," I answered her. "Ah, believe me, sweet, my great love will keep me alive, and bring me back to you! I do not think I could die while my love lives."

Whispered words, sweetest kisses, loving murmurs; and they all went with me into the distant land. I sketched for her a future in which I believed most devoutly myself; I told her that in a few years' time I should return with the rank of a Captain, with a purse of money, with a position that would make any man proud, and should marry her. I told her we would be married in the time of the roses; and the sweet soul brightened at my words. We settled it all as the young and the sanguine settle everything. I was to get leave of absence to come home and take her back with me.

"I know that I shall like India, Hulbert," said Miriam, "and I feel quite sure that I was born to be a soldier's wife. Now I come to think of it, no other life would please me."

Sir Aleck laughed when he heard of my intention.

"Tired of the stone-quarry?" he said. "Ah, you had better have kept to it! Take my advice, and do not come into this part of the world again."

We parted without another word. I had nothing to thank him for. I had worked hard for him, and we were quits. Although my mother was his kinswoman, and he knew I was going to danger, if not to death, he never touched my hand or wished me success. I had to leave Carnsore, and go away for a few weeks to pass my examination—not such a difficult matter then as now. And then came orders that the Red Lancers were to sail in the troop-ship Queen of the Seas—sail for Bombay; but our destiny was Fort Mido. I had time to run down and bid my darling good-bye.

I do not like to linger over it. It was an evening early in September. The hollyhocks were all out in the old-fashioned garden, a few late roses were blooming, and we stood there, most loving and most wretched, most faithful and most desolate, too wretched for tears, almost preferring to die there together, yet too brave to say so.

"Miriam, you will be true to me?" I said.

She answered, "Yes," with her lips on mine.

"You will not forget me for a moment, and you will not let any one else make love to you? You will give no thought, word, or kiss to any one?"

"No," she replied; "not one. How could I?"

"I shall come back, my darling, in Heaven's own good time, and find you waiting here for me, faithful and true—your lips, your heart, your love, all mine."

"All yours," she sighed.

"Let me call you my wife just once before I go," I said. "My beloved, my darling wife, I shall come back to you, and find you waiting here!"

I left her with her fair face whiter than death, her eyes drowned in tears, left her kneeling in the long lush grass, praying for me. I left her with the saddest heart a man ever had, yet sure of her love, sure of her faith, as I was sure of the mercy and life and hope of Heaven—left her with a firm resolve to fight a gallant fight, and to win her by sheer force of courage and bravery—left her with a prayer on my lips and a cry in my heart. When I had gone, I knew the full meaning of the words, "There is a grief which burns more than tears drown."

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE leaving England I wrote a long letter to my mother, and told her of the change in my life. She was well pleased, and though not writing cordially to me, she wished me success, and hoped I should yet live to redeem the fallen fortunes of my family.

"If you get on well in India, and come home to marry an heiress," she wrote, "I may yet find some happiness in life."

I smiled at my mother's notion. I had said nothing to her about my love for Miriam. It would have been worse than useless.

We set sail in the Queen of the Seas, reached Bombay in safety, and found our destination was Fort Mido. Many things live in my memory—nothing more vividly outside my faithful love, than the march from Bombay to Fort Mido. Then I learnt what heat, thirst, and privation really meant; but it was for her sake. At Fort Mido we remained for some time before any fighting took place. By every mail I sent long letters to my love, and received replies from her. I worked hard; I studied every possible science that could help me on in my profession; and at last I began to love it.

In the long brilliant nights I sat and dreamed of Miriam, of the future that seemed so sure to me, of the hour in which I should hold her again in my arms. The brilliant stars, the gorgeous flowers, the noble trees, the air, laden with perfume, all things around me, seemed to speak of my darling. I shall always believe that the happiest man on earth is a soldier who has a true love.

I began to long for action. There was generally a skirmish of some kind or other going on with the hill-tribes; and of late there had been a mutiny in one of the native regiments, while disaffection was pretty strongly spread amongst the population around. It did not trouble us: when needful we thought we could quiet it, and there was little good in taking the lives of foolish men. But matters became more serious. A short distance from Fort Mido there was a small colony of English people—the manager of one of the new lines of railroad, with his wife and children, and five other families in all, who had left England for India, in the employ of the railway company. There came to us one morning the terrible news that during the night the houses had been surrounded, the women seized and carried off, the children slain, and the men either killed or made prisoners; and this was the work of a band of desperate lawless men to whom the rule of the 'Feringhees' was hateful.

The prisoners must be rescued, the women saved, the crime punished, and the Red Lancers were sent over the hills to avenge them. How my heart beat with delight! The sound of the trumpet, the flash of steel in the sun, the cheers of the men—it was all brilliant excitement; no one dreamt of death or danger. We thought of tender Englishwomen, wives and mothers, with young daughters, in the hands of those black demons; and every drop of English blood boiled in our veins. No need to cheer us on with brave words; no need to cry out, "Now, my men—quick!" We were quick enough. We were mad with desire for vengeance, when on the road we found a pretty necklace, that had evidently been torn from the neck of some helpless girl. Then farther on we found a child's shoe. They were great, strong men, these Red Lancers, men who feared death as little as they feared sleep. But there was hardly a dry eye amongst them when the little shoe was passed from hand to hand.

"I need not ask for vengeance, men," our Colonel said: "we have not to fight men; we have to punish fiends who torture women and children. Let us rescue the women, and then let the miscreants die."

It would have done any one's heart good to have seen the Red Lancers as they went in pursuit of the foe—calm, brave, with set faces and stern eyes. We were on the track, and that was quite certain; and we rode silently on, ready for anything that might happen; when, suddenly entering a sheltered valley, we found a large body of hillmen with prisoners in their midst. A terrible wail arose from the women. They stretched out their arms, crying, "Save us, save us!" But how to shoot the enemy without hurting their prisoners was the question, for the cowards so placed the women that the first shot fired must strike them. Cried our Colonel—

"There is nothing for it but for you to rush in and bring the women out; then they shall bite the dust!"

I am proud to say that I rode first, my horse trampling the black fiends under foot. A hundred brave men followed me. I seized the first woman, caught her up in my arms, and placed her on my saddle. A thousand yells followed me; a score of black hands seized my bridle. I struck out like a madman, right and left, then galloped back with the woman saved.

"You will be promoted for this, Lieutenant Gordon!" cried the Colonel, as I passed him. Into the thick of the melee I rode again. Three or four of our men doing fierce battle with a dozen antagonists, over a woman who lay prostrate—it seemed to me, dead. I went to the help of my comrades; and then, hearing the firing had begun, I knew the women were safe. I saw one of our men struggling against a host, and I hastened to his rescue. He lived; but I, to the belief of every one, died. I felt a terrible stab: the dagger of a hillman had pierced my temple, and laid my face open. The hot blood blinded me. I cried, once to Miriam that I loved her, once to Heaven for mercy: and then I fell on my face—dead, as all supposed. So it was told in England how the Red Lancers had braved a thousand foes to rescue English women from their deadly clutches, and how Lieutenant Hulbert Gordon had bravely died.

In the obituary notices in the English papers one read—

"Died, at Hulyba, Lieutenant Hulbert Gordon, in the twenty-fifth year of his age; deeply regretted."

I have read the words over and over again, wishing—ah, wishing that they had been true!

How long I lay on the ground, I do not know. I learned afterwards there was a desperate fight; and that, when the Red Lancers had conquered and come back in search of their wounded and dead, I was not amongst the number.

I was carried off to the hills by a band of natives, who hoped to win a large ransom. But for many long months I lay a prisoner unable to move, unable to send a message to those comrades afar off who would have rescued me at the peril of their lives. Wherever the natives went, I was taken with them. A white man who was a prisoner was an added grace to all their triumphs. They were not cruel to me; but they never tired of exhibiting me. Two years passed before my terrible wounds were healed, and by that time I was far away from British comrades and all trace of British rule.

So far as my memory serves me, after I made my escape, it took me many months to reach Madras. I had to hide during the day, and walk by night. I made my way through forest and jungle, over hill and plain, always hungry, always thirsty, always ill with the intense heat and the throbbing of my cruel wounds, but living all the time on hope, careless of all suffering—it was borne for her sake—living in the hope of that blessed hour to come when I should hold my darling in my arms again—utterly reckless of everything except this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERY WORLDLY WISDOM.—To retain a good appetite, don't eat when hungry; to keep a constant thirst, drink (not water, tea, coffee, &c., &c.), when not dry.

Sound the depths of a man's character by his pocket.

To drive the wolf from the door, starve him out.

Be not forgiving, but forgetting; get all, give nothing.

Poverty is the poor man's firmest friend.

Run no risk except with other people's money.

When asked for money for charitable purposes, put your hand in your pocket and keep it there.

Trust in yourself; if you don't, other people won't trust you.

An oily tongue lubricates the wheels of conversation.

Never sink the shop; allow no opportunity of advertising your wares to slip.

If business is poor, talk of your immense trade.

Never look down before a man, no matter how much you may feel inclined to do so.

Be charitable to the rich.

Leap before you look; if you look first, it may be too late to leap.

If rich, talk of your poverty.

If you want a cracked crown, crack jokes at other people's expense.

Never ask a rich man if his wealth makes him happy.

Keep the pot boiling, somehow.

Look out for your own comfort everywhere; other people always do.

Praise everything you see, everywhere; it don't cost anything, and does a heap of good.

Ask no man to dine unless you are sure he has dined.

Study the art of grumbling; a grumbler always gets the best of everything.

If honest, let other people know it.

Put new wine into old bottles, it sells better.

It's good to be wise; but better to be rich; what is wisdom clothed in rags and hungry?

HE GOT THE INFORMATION.—Peter Bundy, who has been married only two weeks, has left his wife. Bundy is a little man, and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relict of the late Seth Potts. About ten days after marriage Bundy was surprised, on awakening in the morning, to find his better-half sitting up in bed, crying as if her heart would break. Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but, receiving no reply, he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind which she withheld from him, and which was the cause of her anguish, so he remarked to Mrs. B. that as they were married she ought to tell him the cause of her grief, so that, if possible, he might lessen it.

After considerable coaxing, he elicited the following from her—"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well-lighted street I came to a shop where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale. Thinking it curious, I entered, and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to them—such beautiful men—some for one thousand dollars, some for five hundred dollars, and so on to one hundred and fifty dollars. And, as I had not that amount, I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her, B. placed his arm lovingly around her, and asked, "And did you see any men like me there?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "lots like you; they were tied up like asparagus, and sold for ten cents per bunch." Bundy got up, and went to ask his lawyer if he had sufficient ground for a divorce.

UNINTENTIONALLY SEVERE.—The other day two ladies were talking about their children and the way in which they trained them.

"For my part," one of them said, "I have about concluded that it makes no difference what you do or say to children. It is a question of heredity, and they will turn out as they were born to turn out."

"This is a comforting doctrine," the other said; "it completely relieves one from all responsibility."

"But, on the other hand," the first speaker responded, "it isn't very cheerful to feel that all your faults are to be repeated in your children. I should feel dreadful to believe that my children wouldn't be any better than I am."

"Oh! I quite agree with you," was the earnest but unintentionally severe reply.

THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO.—A clergyman says that he cured his appetite for tobacco in the following manner:—"Whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh-drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued holding water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month I was cured."

Bric-a-Brac.

SEASON OF MARRIAGE IN CHINA.—The Chinese believe there is a season for everything, and, in accordance with this belief, they think the opening year—the season when the peach petal bursts from the calix—is the most auspicious season for forming matrimonial alliances.

NEW FIRE ENGINE.—The Berlin Fire Department is experimenting with a novel fire engine. The carriage is constructed entirely of papier mache, all the different parts, the body, wheels, poles, etc., being finished in the best possible manner. While the durability and power of resistance possessed by this material are fully as great as those of wood and metal, the weight is much less. This lightness is, of course, of marked advantage, since it will enable the new engine to reach the scene of a fire with unusual despatch.

STRENGTH OF THE SEA-SNAIL.—You would not suppose, to look at it, that the common limpet, or sea-snail, as it is sometimes called, is, having regard to its size, the strongest animal in the world, excepting only a kind of cockle found in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. When stripped of its shell, it weighs the merest trifle, less than half an ounce, but to remove it from its firm hold on the rock, a force of 62 lb., equal to 1,984 times its own weight, is necessary. So powerful is its grasp that even bits of rock have been pulled away with the limpet.

REYNARD AND THE GOOSE.—A new version of this old story was seen some time ago in Ireland, which appeared to show that the foxes of that country not only possess the cunning of their kind, but a high degree of coolness besides. The hounds were out in Limerick county, and in full cry after Reynard. While the latter was running at the top of his speed, a goose happened to cross his path. At this very moment, when his own life was in imminent danger, the ruling passion overcame him. He seized the bird by the neck, threw it across his shoulder in the twinkling of an eye, and resumed his flight. Making for cover as fast as he could, he succeeded in escaping his pursuers.

MONKEY'S LANGUAGE.—Professor R. L. Garner, who has achieved celebrity in connection with the study of Simian or monkey language, is consulting with American scientific men respecting an expedition to Africa which he purposes making. He will take with him a large iron cage which he intends to occupy, after having set it up in the midst of the forest. It will be big enough to provide him with room to sleep and to study, and will contain several phonographs for recording the gorilla's language. After acquiring by guesswork the meaning of a few words, he will make use of them by taking part in the monkey cries himself. He will not venture out of his cage, however.

TO PROTECT THE PUBLIC.—In this country the words "Selling off at an alarming sacrifice," "Bankrupt stock," and so forth, in great letters in a shop window, are not necessarily considered as statements of facts to which the tradesmen would be prepared to swear. It is otherwise in France, or it will be probably, in consequence of a solemn decision recently given in the law courts. The judges have condemned a shopkeeper at Tours for falsely representing that he was selling off a bankrupt stock, "seeing," says the judgment, "that it is manifest that tradesmen selling goods by means of such false representation succeed in drawing customers to their shops who would otherwise have patronised different firms."

CAP-WEARING BY LAW.—Before felt hats came into use in England, people wore woolen caps. It may easily be supposed therefore that the cappers, as the knitters of this headgear were called, viewed with dismay the introduction of the felt hat, which took place in the reign of Elizabeth. Their case became so hard that they went to Parliament for help, and in 1751 an Act was passed, ordering that every person above seven years of age should wear on Sundays and holidays a woolen cap knit, made, and dressed in England by some of the trade of cappers. Lords and ladies of high degree, in possession of land of a certain value, however, and those who had held office in town and country, were excepted from this Act. This was scarcely fair to the distressed capmakers, but it did not matter much, for felt hats grew so popular—being lighter, stronger, more elegant—that the law could not be enforced, and knit caps were only worn in distant country places.

RETROSPECT.

BY J. S.

Two forms came gliding up the hill of time.
One fair and calm and pure, and wrapped about
With purposes divine all pulsing out
In light supernal, mingling like a chime
With inspiration sweet as rhythmic rhyme,
And lofty hopes. The other stamped throughout
With broken efforts, laggard deeds, and doubt,
Unshackled passions held from actual crime
By coward fears. Its darksome shadow cast
A hideous shade; I shrank with shivering fears
Of touch, of contact, when across the vast
Blank silence rang a dread voice in my ears:
"Behold: the first thou should'st have been, the last
Thou art!"
And, lo: the night was filled with tears!

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

YORKE strode down the street, and on to the quay, and at a little distance on the beach saw Mr. Lisle, painting as usual.

He looked up impatiently as Yorke came crashing over the stones, and accosted him.

"Oh, how do you do—how do you do, your grace?" he said in his thin voice, and with a hasty glance at him as if he begrudged every moment from his picture.

"Is—is Miss Lisle out with you?" said Yorke, trying to speak with nothing warmer in his voice than conventional politeness.

"Leslie?" looking round absently. "Yes, she was here a moment ago; but she has wandered off somewhere." And his manner and tone plainly added, "And I wish to goodness you'd wander off, too."

"How is the picture getting on?" asked Yorke, looking at the daub which Lisle had painted over and over again, making it worse at each stroke.

"Very well—very well, I think," was the reply. "You like it?" and a faint red came into the pale thin cheeks. Somehow Yorke fancied that they had grown thinner and paler during the last few days. "I am going to make a masterpiece of it. I am working hard, very hard. Isn't it very hot and close this morning? I have a stupid headache— Yes. Would you mind standing out of the light? Thank you."

Yorke left him; he knew it would be of no use to ask the dreamer in which direction Leslie had gone.

"Poor old fellow," he thought. "We'll take him with us, and look after him together. Give him his painting tools, and he'll be happy enough!"

He walked along the beach and on to the cliffs, and suddenly he came upon Leslie. She was sitting in a cleft of the rocks, a book on her lap, but it was lying face downwards, and she was looking out to sea. He stole behind her, and bent down and kissed her. She started, but not violently, and the blood rushed to her face.

"Yorke!" was all she said, but all her love, her joy on his return breathed in the single word.

He took both her hands, and sat down beside her.

"I startled you, dearest!" he said.

How lovely she looked! How sweet and, ah, how pure and good! Not Eleanor herself could look more refined, more "spirituelle" than this love of his—his Leslie.

"No!" she said with a faint smile, and a little shyness in her voice and eyes. "I ought to have been startled, but I was not. Perhaps it was because I was thinking of you. When did you come back?"

"A few minutes ago, dearest," he said. "Has it seemed long to you? I thought perhaps that you would have forgotten me."

She smiled at him.

"Well, I might have done," she said with delicious archness, "but you provided against that, did you not?"

He did not understand for a moment, then he laughed.

"You got it all right?"

"Ah, yes," she said with a little sigh of gratitude and content. "I wish you could have seen me when it came! I was standing beside Mr. Temple when the postman brought it, and I cried out—well, like a schoolgirl!"

He looked at her, rapt in delight at her delight.

"It was a happy thought of mine, then?" he said.

"Yes, but why did you send me so grand a present," she said in a low voice. "Anything would have done; but that——" She laughed and colored. "It was too rich, too costly for such a simple person as I am!"

He laughed. So she thought the plain little locket rich and costly? What would she have considered the diamond pendant he had sent to Finetta? "God bless my darling! My modest pearl!" he thought.

"And you were pleased with it?" he said. "It occurred to me that you might like it; for a minute or two I feared that you might consider me conceited in sending it, that a ring——"

She shook her head.

"It is beautiful—beautiful!" she said. "Its only fault is that it is too good, too costly. The merest trifle would have served to tell me that you had not—forgotten me! And, indeed, I did not need anything."

"You trusted me so completely, dearest?" he said.

"Yes," she said simply, with a faint wonder in her voice at the earnestness in his.

"You trusted me," he said, as earnestly as before. "And how if I were to ask you to trust me still, to trust me in a greater degree, Leslie?"

She looked at him, still smiling.

"What is it?" she asked; and the question was a good reply to his.

"It is just this," he said, taking her hand in both his and holding it tightly. "See, dearest, I hesitate to tell you—it is so much to ask you! And the worst of it is that I cannot give you the reason——"

Her face paled, but she looked at him bravely.

"Are—are you going to leave me again? If you must go——"

The love in her voice, in her eyes, made his heart actually ache.

"Leave you?" he said. "Well, yes, but it will be only for a few hours, a day, if—if you consent to do what I am going to ask you?"

"What is it?" she asked, still calmly.

"I want you to marry me—at once, Leslie?" he said in a low voice, and almost solemnly.

She started, and her hand quivered in his.

"Marry—you—at once!" she whispered, her bosom heaving, her long dark lashes trembling.

"You are frightened, dearest?" he said, drawing her nearer to him.

She was silent a moment.

"No," she replied in a whisper, "not frightened, I think, but——"

"And that isn't all," he said almost desperately. "I want our marriage to be a secret one."

She started now, and drew her hand from his, turning her pale face to him with almost pained surprise.

"Listen, Leslie," he said, getting her hand back again. "There are reasons why it is necessary—do you understand, my darling, necessary—that no one should know of our engagement. The other day, when—when I told you I loved you, and asked you to be my wife, I did not think of those reasons; I did not think of anything but you. But they came home to me when I was in London. It sounds strange, almost incredible——"

"No, not incredible," she murmured.

"You would believe anything I told you, you mean?" he asked with bated breath.

Her clear eyes met his with her assent in them as plainly as if she had spoken.

"My darling! And I cannot tell you—But, Leslie, in a word, I am not free—I mean that I am not my own master——"

A faint smile chased the slightly troubled look from her face.

"It sounds so strangely," she said. "A duke and not your own master——"

He reddened, and his eyes dropped before hers.

"Heaven and earth!" broke from him almost passionately. "Leslie—I beg of you not to—to call me that again——"

"Not——"

She looked at him questioningly.

"Yes. Yes—I do beg of you, dearest. Not, we will say, for another day. After that——" he drew a long breath, and brushed the hair from his forehead impatiently. "I will explain then why I ask you, dearest. I will explain everything. Don't—don't—be frightened, dearest! Don't think there is any real mystery! You will—yes, you will laugh, when you hear what it is!"

"Shall I?" she says trustfully. "I am not frightened, I am not even—I think—very curious——"

"Oh, my darling! And you do not even ask me why this secrecy, this concealment, is necessary?"

"No," she says after a pause, and placing her other hand in his. "If you say so I am content. I suppose—" she averts her face a little—"I suppose you do not wish your people to know that—that you are going to marry one so far beneath you, one so unfit to be a duchess——"

He stifles a groan.

"It is not that," he says. But for his promise to the duke he could tell her all. Tell her that he is not a duke with lands and gold galore, but a poor man so encumbered and crippled by debt that he dare not let it be known that he is not going to marry a fortune! "Leslie, I cannot tell you! I am not free to tell you, till—yes, to-morrow! Will you not trust me?"

Her breath comes fast for a moment as she looks out to sea, then she turns to him.

"I cannot but trust you," she says, almost piteously. "I could not doubt you if I tried."

"My angel, my dearest!" he says fervently, reverently. "You shall never regret having trusted me, never! Now, listen, Leslie! There is one person, of all others, who must not know what we are going to do—Mr. Temple."

"Mr. Temple?" she says, not suspiciously, not even curiously, but with faint surprise.

"Yes," he says. "He suspects, or half suspects, already that I love you. It must be kept from him. You will understand why when I tell you all—when I clear up the mystery. Now, see——" He stops and laughs. His face is flushed with excitement, and his eyes sparkling. "To-night I will go up to town——"

"To-night——" she breathes.

"Yes," he says. "There is no time to be lost—you will see that when you know all. To-morrow I will get a special licence, and that same day you must come up to London——"

She trembles.

"Alone?" she asks in a still voice.

"No, no," he says. "You must persuade your father— Stay! I will manage that! I will get a well known dealer I know to write to him; some question about his pictures, something that will bring him up."

She trembled still.

"The moment you arrive you must telegraph your address to me. I will tell you where to wire——" He takes out an old envelope, and writes—

"Lord Anchester——"

Then with an exclamation tears it up, and on another piece of paper, writes—

"YORKE,
"Dorchester Club,
"Pall Mall."

"Mind, dearest! Send the telegram at once, and at once I will come to you, and—the rest you must leave to me. You will?"

"I will!" she says, almost inaudibly, and as solemnly as ever a marriage vow was whispered.

Her great love and trust overwhelm him, and something like tears—yes, tears—dims his bright eyes.

"My darling, if I ever forget your love and trust, your goodness to me, may heaven forget me!" he says in a voice that makes her thrill. "I will make you happy, Leslie, happier than any woman ever was before! Every hour of my life——" His voice breaks. "Oh, my darling, what have I done that heaven should send me such an angel!"

The tears are in her eyes now.

"I've made you cry!" he says. "Ah, I know! You are thinking of your father, Leslie!"

She starts guiltily. For the first time in her life, the life devoted to him, she has forgotten her father.

"Do not fret about him. He shall go with us; he shall belong as much to me as to you. What! do you think I would separate you——"

They sit hand in hand for—how long? At last he tears himself away.

"Remember, dearest!" are his last words. "Send to me directly—the moment—you reach London. And, Leslie, fear nothing! Why, when one thinks of it," and he laughs, "what is there to fear?"

He is gone at last. She stands and watches him as he makes his way—with many a backward glance—along the quay, then she sinks on to the rock again.

Her heart is throbbing, a mist is floating before her eyes; she cannot think, cannot see. So unconscious of everything around her is she that, when half an hour later the dark graceful figure of a woman passes near her nook, she does not heed or notice it. She is in love's hand, and rapt in love's dream!

After a time Leslie got up, but she wanted to be alone a little longer; she felt that she could not talk even to her father just then; she wanted to be alone to think over all Yorke had told her. She walked a few yards towards the quay, and saw that Mr. Lisle was still painting; then she turned, and slowly paced in the direction of Ragged Point, which stretched out dark and sullen in the sunlight.

As she had said, not a doubt of Yorke's truth and honor cast a shadow over her happiness. If he said that it was necessary that they should be married at once and secretly, it must be so—it should be? He was her lover, her master, her king. She had given herself to him absolutely; she trusted him because she could not help herself.

She had almost reached the point, and would have gone on, but she remembered that the tide was coming in, and that there would not be time to get round before the sea rose above the narrow ledge of rock at the foot of the cliffs, and she was turning back when she caught sight of something dark above a rock at the very foot of the point.

For a moment she thought it was a bird, then she saw that it was a hat—a woman's hat. Someone was sitting there. In an instant it struck her that it might be a stranger, unacquainted with the conformation of the coast line, and that if she sat there for a few minutes longer she would be unable to get back or to turn the point.

Leslie looked at the tide, and was startled to find that it had run up quicker than she had thought. There would be barely time to reach the woman behind the rock and warn her. She ran forward as quickly as she could and shouted at the top of her voice, but the voice of the incoming waves beating against the rocks drowned hers.

She looked round, hoping to see a boat or a fisherman, but no one was in sight; and she and the unknown, sitting there in all unconsciousness of her peril, were alone in the grim place.

Most women would have paused and thought of their own safety, but Leslie and selfishness had not yet made acquaintance, and she hurried on, running where there was a bare bit of sand, and scrambling over the rocks that lay in her path. At last she reached the one behind which the woman she had come to warn was sitting, and stood before her breathlessly.

"Oh, quick! Quick!" she cried pantingly. Then she stopped, and recoiled a little. It was a girl, seated in an attitude of weariness and lassitude, her elbows on her knees, her head bowed. Even in this first moment Leslie noted the grace and sorrowful abandon of the figure; but it was the uplifted face that made her recoil, for it was that of the woman she had seen below St. Martin's Tower—it was the woman who had sung the disreputable music-hall ditty.

There was no reckless gaiety in the face now, but a misery and despair so eloquent that even as she recoiled Leslie's heart ached with pity for her.

The dark eyes looked at Leslie vacantly for a moment, then flashed with sudden anger.

"Who are you, and who do you want?" she asked, half sullenly, half defiantly.

Leslie flushed at the tone in which the greeting was conveyed.

"I—I saw you sitting here," she said quickly, and a little tremulously, for the dark face disquieted her, and inspired her with a vague uneasiness. "I saw you from the beach yonder, and I thought that perhaps you were a stranger."

"I am a stranger. Yes, what of it?" said the woman, as sullenly and suspiciously as before.

"And you do not know that this is Ragged Point, and that the tide is coming up fast, very fast," said Leslie quickly.

"Is it? What does it matter?" was the dull response.

"Oh, do you not understand?" said Leslie earnestly. "When the tide comes up here, where you are sitting, you will not be able to go on or turn back. You see how the point stretches out?"

The dark eyes looked wearily to right and left.

"I see," she said. "No, I didn't know it. I don't know how long I've been sitting here." She looked up at the sky. "The tide comes up here, does it?"

"Yes, yes!" said Leslie hurriedly. "Pray come away at once!" for the girl had made no attempt to get up. "We have only just time to get round the point, even if we run. Come at once!" and in her eagerness she held out her hand to help her to rise.

The girl disregarded the outstretched hand, and rose wearily, sullenly.

"I suppose I should have been drowned if you had not seen me?" she remarked listlessly.

"Oh, I hope not; I hope not!" said Leslie. "But I am very glad I did see you. I only caught sight of the top of your hat. You had better take my hand. I am used to getting over the rocks and stones."

"I can get on all right," said the girl sullenly, refusing the proffered assistance. "I'm as young as you are, and as strong," she added, glancing out of the corners of her dark eyes at Leslie.

"I am glad you are strong," said Leslie gravely, as she looked at the swiftly, surely incoming sea; "for we shall have to run."

Her companion stopped and looked seaward too, and with a strange expression.

"Oh, why do you wait?" demanded Leslie. "Do you not understand that there is not a moment to lose?"

The girl laughed a reckless, miserable laugh, which was a grotesque reflection of the laugh which Leslie had heard on the tower when she had last seen her.

"I was thinking it was not worth while," she said moodily.

Leslie stared at her.

"Worth while!" she echoed unconsciously.

"Yes. I'm not sure it wouldn't be better and easier to stop here and let the water come up. It would save a lot of trouble." She laughed again.

With a faint shudder, Leslie turned away from the dark eyes and seized the speaker's arm.

"You must come at once!" she said firmly.

The woman drew back for a moment; then, as if yielding against her will, allowed Leslie to draw her forward.

They hurried over the rocks in silence for a moment or two, the waves splashing against their feet; then Leslie stopped and uttered an exclamation, her eyes fixed on the cliff before them, her face suddenly pale.

"What is the matter? Are we too late?" asked her companion dully and indifferently.

"Yes, we are too late!" replied Leslie in a low voice. Then she caught her breath and forced a smile. "Do not be frightened. We may get round the other way; the ledge of the rock is wider there, but it is more difficult to get over. We must go back. Follow me."

She turned and sprang quickly from rock to rock, and her companion followed her example. They gained the spot where the girl had been sitting, but it was now covered by the sea, and they had to wade ankle deep.

Leslie caught the girl's hand.

"Hold fast!" she said in a quick whisper. "If we gain that point there, where the rock sticks out——"

Even as she spoke a spurt of foam covered the spot indicated, and the waves dashed over it. She stopped and looked round her, her face white and set.

"We are too late here, too," she said with a smothered sob. "Too late!" and she covered her face with her hands.

The other girl leant against the cliff and stared dully at the angry waves, creeping, creeping like some wild beast towards them.

"You mean we are going to die," she said in a low, harsh voice. "Going to die like rats in a hole. Well," and she shrugged her shoulders, "I don't care much, myself. You see, when you came up just now, I was wishing I was dead."

Leslie shuddered, and put up her hand as if to stop her. Death was too near to be spoken of so lightly.

"Yes, I was. You're shocked, I daresay. I'm sorry for you. It's a pity you didn't stop where you were. You're not tired of life, judging by your face."

"Tired of life!" panted Leslie; "oh, no, no!"

"So I should say," said the other sullenly. "So you don't understand what I mean, and what I feel?"

"No, I don't understand," said Leslie, scarcely knowing what she was saying. "But it is dreadful, dreadful to hear you, and at such a moment. Hah!" She broke off with an exclamation of horror, and drew her companion back close to the face of the cliff, for a wave had dashed at their feet and wet them to the waist.

"It's coming up pretty fast," said the girl. "It won't take long to—— Isn't there any chance for you? I don't care about myself."

Leslie screened her eyes with her hand.

"A boat might be passing," she said faintly. "Oh, to think that they are so near—that there are people just round that bend, who, if they knew—only knew!—would risk their lives to save us," and she sank at the foot of the cliff and hid her face in her hands.

"I'm sorry," said the other. "It's rough on you to lose your life for me, a stranger too."

Leslie sprang up, her eyes wild with despair.

"We will not die!" she cried. "We will not! Do you hear? Oh, I cannot die: I cannot leave him—like this!" and she beat her hands together.

"You're thinking of your husband—who?" asked the other, eyeing her half pityingly. "It's always a man. That's where I've got the pull of you," and she laughed. "My man wouldn't care whether I lived or died. He's left me already."

The anguish in her voice, the reckless despair, went to Leslie's heart. She shuddered as she looked at the dark eyes.

"Left you!" she breathed. "Oh, now I understand! Ah, yes; I know now why you want to die."

"Yes," was the bitter response. "That's where we women are such fools. We care. Men don't. You think your husband or sweetheart, or whoever he is, will break his heart for the loss of you!" she laughed mockingly. "Not he! They don't break their hearts so easily! He'll get over it and marry another woman almost before you're—cold in your grave, I was going to say."

Leslie shrank back from her as far as she could, and put her hands up to her ears.

"Oh hush, hush!" she panted. "It is not true! It is wicked and false! I will not listen to you. Oh, forgive me!" she broke off, her indignation and horror softened by the misery on the white face and dark eyes staring so hopelessly at the angry sea. "How you must have suffered, how you must have loved him to be so wretched, so indifferent."

"Oh, yes, I loved him. I loved him—well, as much as you loved the man you're thinking of——"

"When—when did it happen—when did he leave you? Why? Tell me," said Leslie. "Let us talk—try and forget that it is coming nearer and nearer, that we have only a few minutes——"

"Yes, we haven't long," was the response. "I've been watching that rock there, almost in a line with us. You could see the top a minute ago; it's covered now. When did he leave me? Only a few nights ago. Why? The old story. He got tired of me, I suppose. Anyhow, he met someone else."

"And—and you were to have been his wife!" breathed Leslie pityingly. "And you loved him! Oh, how could he be so cruel, so heartless?"

The other looked down at her, and laughed harshly.

"Why, men are like that, all of them."

"No, no! Not all! They are not all so base, so vile."

"You think so. You wait! Perhaps your turn will come. But I forget," she laughed. "Your man won't have the chance to leave you—there, I beg your pardon," for Leslie had shrunk away from her. "Don't mind me or what I say. I'm half out of my mind. I've had no sleep since—since he left me, and I've come a long journey, and eaten nothing. Yes, I'm half mad. I was a fool to follow him. I ought to have stayed at home; but I've got my punishment."

"You came after him? He is here, then?" asked Leslie, in a pitying whisper, watching the waves as she spoke.

"Yes," said she; then with a sigh, "Yes, and I've seen him. I meant to speak to him—to—try and get him back; but my heart failed me, and I crept out here to be alone. It wasn't only to see him that I came. I wanted to see her."

"Her?" repeated Leslie, half absently.

"Yes. The woman that stole him from me. But it does not matter now. Nothing matters to us two, does it? How much longer?"

The question drove Leslie almost frantic with the agony, the anguish of despair. It was all very well for this poor creature, abandoned, deserted by the man she loved, to take death so coolly; but she, Leslie, was not deserted and unhappy. Her lover, her Yorke, was going to make her his wife; in a few days, in a few hours, he would be waiting for her. Yorke, Yorke! Her heart called to him. And though the name did not leave her lips, the voice within her seemed to give her courage, to fill her with a fierce, almost savage, determination to live.

She looked up at the cliff with straining eyes. It was almost perpendicular and smooth just above them, but a little further along there were a few scrubby bushes projecting from the surface. It was just possible, if they could reach those, that they might at least gain some few inches of foothold. Just possible though the mere thought of the attempt made her tremble.

"What are you staring up there for?" asked her companion. "You couldn't climb it, if you tried."

"No," panted Leslie. "But we will try!"

The other shook her head, but Leslie seized her by the hand.

"Come!" she gasped hoarsely. "Better to try and—and fall, than stand here to wait for death. I cannot wait! Come, hold my hand tightly. We will escape or die together."

As if she had caught something of Leslie's frantic desire of life, the other girl gripped Leslie's hand.

"Come on, then," she said. "Though you'd have more chance alone."

"No, no! Together or not at all," cried Leslie, and she plunged into water.

For a moment or two it seemed as if they would be carried off their feet, as if they had rushed into the arms of death from which they had been shrinking; but they were both young and strong, and they accomplished together that which would have been impossible if they had been separate.

Gasping for breath, half blinded by spray, deafened by the roar of the waves, they stood on a narrow ledge of rock, clutching at the bush above their head, the water rushing nearly to their knees.

* * * * * *

"We shall hold on here for about two minutes," said the woman grimly, "if the bush don't give way before that."

Leslie turned her face to the wall, and shut her eyes.

"And he will be waiting for me!" she murmured. "He will not know, will think I have mistrusted him. I shall never see him again, never hear his voice! Oh, why did we part to-day; why didn't I ask him, pray him to take me with him. Never to see him again——" She broke off with a sob that shook her. "My arm is numbed, I am falling!" she said with a wail. "Tell him—tell him—oh, God, and I love him so!"

The agony in her voice seemed to go straight to her companion's heart. The dark face flushed red, her eyes shone with a kind of pity.

"Hold on!" she said, almost hissed between her white teeth shut fast. "You shan't die! You tried to save me, you risked your life for me, and I'll save you. Don't be afraid. I'm strong. I can dance for hours; my ankles are like steel. Cling to me, I say, with one hand, anyhow."

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Leslie released the bush with one hand, and put her arm round her companion's neck.

"If I'd only a drop of brandy!" muttered the woman. "How cold your arm feels; you're not going to faint! For God's sake don't do that, or we're both lost; for I don't mean to let you go now. Die! Who says we're going to die? I want to live now! After all, he's not quite lost—my man, I mean! He may come back. I'll get him back. I'll beat this other woman or I'll know the reason why!"

Her face was flushed, her voice husky with excitement.

"No use, no use!" moaned Leslie.

"No use? What do you mean! Am I ugly, hump-backed? Do you mean she's better looking than I am! I don't believe it! He's been caught by a new face. That isn't what you mean? You're going to fall? Not you! Hold on tight now, for I'm going to have a shy at the bush above. There's a bit of a path." She laughed fiercely, defiantly. "Old Faber had us do gymnastics. I used to hate 'em; but I'm much obliged to him now. Put you foot against the rock and spring—not too hard, mind—when I do. Once let me get a grip of that bush up there, and I'll hang on or fight my way till my arm drops off. Die! Why should I? I was a fool! I'll get him back, you see if I don't! No, we won't die. You shall have your husband again! Now!" she breathed between her clenched teeth. "If you've got any pluck in you, if you want to see you husband again, put your heart to it! Now!"

She made a spring; they both sprang at the same moment as if they were one body inspired by one will, and the woman got hold of the bush, and clung with the strength and tenacity of a leopardess.

"Ah!" she gasped. "We've done it! Cling on to me! We'll wait while I count twenty, and then we'll go for the path."

"No—no!" panted Leslie. "I could not, I could not! Let us stay here till——"

"Till this bit of a ledge crumbles under us with our weight, and lets us drop like poisoned flies! No, no! I don't feel like that. It isn't convenient to die now; it was just now! I'm going to live, to live! And so are you!"

She counted the twenty, then put her arm round Leslie's waist.

"Now! Put your hand on my shoulder and cling with the other to the bits of bush and stump, and don't look down! Mind that, or you'll drop, as sure as fate."

Leslie shuddered. Her heart was beating wildly, but a grand hope was creeping over her. Was it possible that she should live and see Yorke once more?

Slowly she felt her way along the surface with her hand, till she got hold of the dry but firmly rooted scrub, then she drew herself up and along the narrow ledge, which was a fissure in the rock rather than a path. No one, in cold blood, could have maintained a footing there for more than thirty seconds, but these two were fighting for dear life, and their blood was burning at fever heat, and they managed, almost miraculously, to creep, crawl, drag themselves upward and still upward.

Below them roared the angry waves, as if with mocking rage at their attempts to escape their voracious maw. Above their heads whirled the gulls, screaming weirdly. Every now and then a stone displaced by their feet rolled and sprang from point to point, and ultimately bounded into the gulf below them; and each time Leslie felt that in a moment she would be bounding and falling like the stone, to the hideous death.

For some minutes neither spoke. They could hear each other's breath coming in thick labored gasps; and Leslie, who was in front, now and again felt her companion's breath striking, like that of a hot furnace, upon her neck.

"Keep on! Hold tight!" she heard her say presently. "Keep your eyes up; the path's broadening. If—if we can hold on another minute or two—or a year, for that's what it seems like!—we're saved!"

Leslie could not reply; her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth; her lips, dry and stiff, would not move. But still as she climbed her heart's voice murmured "Yorke, Yorke!" and she drew courage from it. It was worth fighting for, this life of hers, this life which his love had made so precious, so beauteous. If she lived she would be his wife. His wife! Yes, she would live, she would fight on while there was strength in her body, while there was strength in her fingers to clutch an inch of even the moss on the cliff's surface.

In such moments time is not. It is swallowed up in the agony, the suspense, the mingled hope and despair which rack and wring the heart and brain. She scarcely knew how long they had been making that awful journey through the valley of death, scarcely realized that they were saved, when she saw the edge of the cliff just above her, and with one great effort raised herself above it—above it!—and threw herself upon the level ground, gripping the short turf with her hot fingers as if she dreaded that something would drag her back again, and hurl her into the awful sea whose voice still howled faintly in her ears.

She lay thus for a minute or two, her companion lying on her elbow, panting, beside her; then, with a great sob, Leslie rose to her knees and poured out her heart in thanksgiving to Him who had restored her to life—and to Yorke!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THAT was a rather melancholy experience of a certain young man, the other day, who had a little bit of a controversy with a young lady, and who was so sure of his side of his dispute that he accepted her offer to bet five pounds of candied violets. The girl, of course, was betting on a sure thing, and the young man thought he was, too. But when it came to the settlement it turned out that she was right. "And now," said she, "when will you bring me the violets?" "To-morrow night," he said. He had a dim idea that candied violets were rather expensive, but he had never had occasion to buy any, and he did not know how much they cost. The next day he went to a store and said boldly to the young woman at the counter, "Please give me five pounds of candied violets." "Five pounds of candied violets?" she asked incredulously. "That is what I said," answered the young man. "But do you know how much they cost?" she asked. "No," said he, "how much do they cost?" "Four dollars a pound," answered the girl. As this is a modern story, and as modern stories are generally left unfinished, the reader will not be informed here whether the young man bought the violets or not.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

I love the flowers whose softly-tinted faces
By dusty road or hedgeside meet the gaze,
Clothing with beauty Earth's unlovely places,
Freshest and sweetest in Life's common ways.
Their mission is so lofty, yet so lowly—
Brightening the rugged paths of daily toil,
Their lesson is so simple, yet so holy—
Such gracious growths may spring from stony soil!
Hands, labor worn, which have but little leisure,
Pause in their work these untrained blooms to cull;
World-weary hearts throb fast again with pleasure
At sight of things so pure and beautiful.
Through dust and mire their stainless petals glisten;
They choose the world's waste ground to make it fair;
And whisper in the ear that stoops to listen:
"Sweetness and grace may flourish everywhere."

The "Countess" Cape.

BY C. E. W.

SUCH a keen blast of north-east wind met Mayne Firthley, as soon as he opened his door to go to business, that he returned to the breakfast parlor where he had left his young wife.

"You must not venture out to-day, Etta, with that troublesome cold of yours. You are safer indoors."

"You think so?" she queried, with a pout. "I do so hate being shut up, and I meant to do some shopping, and then meet you in the market-place, so that we could walk home together."

"But not in an east wind," he insisted. "You are too precious to be exposed to that, so be a good girl, and nurse yourself; and I'll reward you with a couple of new songs."

Away he went, and Etta dutifully wrote a little note of apology to her husband's aunt Sarah, an elderly spinster, who, having no home duties, was one of the busiest ladies in all the charitable affairs of the parish, and, it must also be admitted, was apt to worry those less energetic maidens and matrons whom—sometimes against their will—she had enrolled under her banner.

Her nephew had a great respect for Miss Sarah Downes, and always spoke of her emphatically as a good woman; but as they never met without his being mulcted of small sums for various benevolent purposes, he often found it advisable to avoid her.

He tried to do so on the day after Etta, in obedience to his injunction, failed to make an appearance at Miss Downes' working party; but aunt Sarah had Argus' eyes, and pretending to be absorbed in some new photographs at the book-seller's was of no use.

She had crossed the street, and was tapping her nephew on the shoulder with her umbrella before he knew that she had descried him.

"Just a message for that naughty little wife of yours," she said, with the attempt at playfulness that sat so awkwardly on her sharp features. "Tell her she has disappointed me, but I am striving to forgive her."

"It was my fault Etta did not keep her appointment, aunt Sarah. She had a cold, and the wind was in the east, so I forbade it."

"Then, my dear Mayne, you were very absurd. It would not have done your wife so much harm to come to my well-warmed house and engage in a good work, as to stroll about the streets looking in the shop windows."

"My dear aunt, Etta did nothing so foolish. She stayed indoors by the fire, and is all the better for it to-day."

Miss Downes regarded her nephew curiously.

"I hope," she said, in her gravest manner—"I hope Etta has not told you, positively told you—or even implied, that she did not come into the town yesterday afternoon?"

"I know that she did not," asserted Mayne, annoyed at the doubt cast on his wife's sincerity. "I have not asked her the question, because I am certain she would not run counter to my wishes."

Miss Downes sighed, and cast up her eyes.

"I am very sorry; very sorry, indeed. I shall take upon me to talk seriously to Etta the first time I find an opportunity. Yes, I shall do this at the risk of giving offence, for ah! Mayne, my beloved nephew, there should be no secrets betwixt man and wife; no reservations, no petty deceptions; no——"

"For goodness' sake, aunt Sarah, what are you aiming at?" she was asked, angrily. "I say Etta was not in the town yesterday. Do you maintain that she was?"

"I am grieved to be obliged to answer that I saw her twice. She endeavored to keep out of my way, at which I was not surprised; but my sight is excellent, and I am positive that it was she."

"You met her face to face?"

"Well, no, I did not do that," Miss Downes was forced to admit; "but I recognized her by her figure, the hat I have often seen her wear, and the fur cape which was, I believe, your last gift."

"Is my wife the only young lady in this locality who wears a fur cape?" asked Mayne, with a sarcastic smile.

"Of that description and shape, yes. I could not possibly mistake it. I am grieved, deeply grieved to find Etta capable——"

"Pooh!" broke in the irritated husband, "you are taking a distorted view of a very simple occurrence. Perhaps my wife did have occasion to come into the town, after all. I did not ask her whether she had been out. If I had she would have told me the truth."

"You think so?" queried Miss Downes, and sighed again. "Ah, my dear, dear Mayne, I would not have you stern or unforgiving, but do impress upon this thoughtless young creature the beauty of candor, and entreat her never to deceive you again. I shall go home and pray for both of you!"

Miss Downes walked away with the tip of her glove pressed to her eye, and her exasperated nephew strode in the opposite direction, not at all sorry that a business errand at a village some miles distant would prevent his returning home till he had conquered his ill-humor.

When he did enter his own dwelling the odors of a favorite dinner greeted him, and the presence of a guest prevented any allusion to what had passed between himself and aunt Sarah. In pleasant chat and music the evening passed so rapidly away that the incident was almost forgotten till the guest had departed, and Etta was lighting her bedroom lamp.

Then a wave of vexation passed over the young husband's mind, and he observed, a little sharply:

"Have you forgotten, Mistress Firthley, the old saying, 'confession is good for the soul?' You would have saved me some annoyance yesterday if you had dealt honestly with me."

"Have I ever done otherwise?" asked Etta, who was high-spirited, and resented the tone he had taken.

"You did not tell me you had been into the town."

"Who says I had?" she demanded, instead of denying it "in toto," as he hoped and expected she would.

"Someone who saw you there. Setting aside the charges I might bring against my little wife of heedlessness and disobedience to me, I think you behave anything but well to aunt Sarah, who counted upon your help at her working party."

"Who told you I was in town, and with what motive was the information given?" Etta inquired again. "A mischievous one, I am sure, and it sounds as if your informant was aunt Sarah herself."

"She was disappointed at not seeing you, and grieved that you should do what my care for your health had caused me to forbid."

Etta stood for a few seconds with her lips closely compressed, and an angry light gleaming in her eyes.

"I did not go out yesterday."

"Is this true?" her husband provoked her by querying, doubtfully. "Aunt Sarah assured me that she twice saw you in the High street, and recognized you by the Countess cape I gave you last month."

"Then tell her that she did not see me, and that she is a very officious old busybody!" was the excited reply. "Why does she meddle with our affairs, play the spy on my actions, and rush to you with reports of my misdemeanors? She may find someone else to stitch charity garments and listen to scandal the while, for never more will I go to her working parties."

"Abusing a very estimable woman will not do away with the fact that you put her off with a falsehood——"

"Mayne!" exclaimed the indignant wife.

"You put her off with a false excuse," he repeated, "risked your health for some fancied want, and made me look like a fool. I do not thank you for it, Etta. I was ready to stake my life on your candor."

"You may do so still," she cried, moving near to him, and extending her arms. "I love you as dearly as ever."

"And yet you have not scrupled to deceive me."

"On whose authority do you say this? On your aunt Sarah's?" she cried, scornfully. "It is her word versus mine. She says I was in the town, and I deny it. Which of us do you intend to believe?"

Before any reply could be made a servant came in with a parcel.

"From Jones', the linendraper's, ma'am, and he has sent with it the cape you left to have the clasps altered."

"So here is proof positive that you deceived me!" said Mayne, hoarsely, when the girl had left them. "Aunt Sarah bade me warn you that there can be no happiness in married life if——"

But Etta would not listen to any more.

"I refuse to be preached at or dictated to by any of your relatives, especially the busybody who has been poisoning your mind against me. Supposing I did prefer a stroll up and down the High street to spending a couple of hours in the society of such censorious women as Miss Downes, is she justified in complaining to you, or you in listening to her?"

"You evade the point, Etta. You rail at a person who spends her days in doing good, and overlook the true cause of my complaint."

"I will not defend myself," she responded, proudly, "against accusations laid by the agency of a spy on my actions."

"In plain truth, you are in the wrong, and will not own it, but take refuge in quarrelsome speeches," said Mayne, now as angry as his wife, who, after a struggle with her temper, forced a smile, and again held out her arms.

"Do not think that I want to quarrel with you. Let us call a truce, and say no more about this foolish piece of business, or aunt Sarah."

But, as before, she was not taken into the embrace she expected to receive. On the contrary, Mayne continued to stand on the hearthrug with his hands in his pockets, frowning and gnawing the ends of his mustache.

"I am quite willing to condone yesterday's transactions, but I think you owe an apology to me as well as to my aunt."

"Then I will never make one, never!" cried Etta, passionately, and snatching up her lamp she went upstairs, past her own door, and into the spare chamber. There she sat beside the window half the night, shivering with cold, waiting to be followed to her retreat and coaxed into a better mood.

But Mayne, who was proud, and sulky too, considering himself an injured individual, had soothed himself with cigar after cigar, till the clock pointed to 3 A. M., when, not feeling justified in disturbing his wife's slumbers, he wrapped himself in a great coat and spent the rest of the night on the sofa; while she, tired of looking for his coming, crept to bed, and cried herself to sleep.

A racking headache prevented Etta from appearing at the breakfast table, and a long standing engagement kept Mayne away that evening till an unusually late hour.

No light footstep bounded across the hall as soon as his latch-key clicked in the lock; no glad voice hailed his return. Missus had gone to bed, a sleepy servant told him, and when they met on the morrow both were coldly silent, and as studiously civil as though they were the merest strangers.

Aunt Sarah pounced upon her nephew that afternoon, as he was putting on his overcoat to go home.

"Oh! can I speak to you for a few minutes, dear Mayne? Are you sure there is no one to overhear me? I have had such a blow to my feelings. I have been to see Etta, and—and was refused admission."

"You mean that she was out," said Mayne hastily."

"No indeed she was not. She was at the window when I opened the gate, and I heard her say to the servant—ay, and say it quite loud enough for me to hear it—'Tell Miss Downes I am engaged, and recollect that I shall never be at home to her.' I heard this, Mayne, and came away crushed, quite crushed. Your marriage must have been a dreadful mistake, or else your wife's brain is affected. Good gracious me, what will you do with her?"

Perhaps Mayne Firthley considered that very question all the evening while sitting opposite the stiffly rigid figure, that, despite pale cheeks and aching head, bore itself bravely. Perhaps it was on this he was meditating, when, after the chilliest of good nights, she retired to her room, and he walked about his till the ceaseless tramp, tramp, made her feverish.

She seemed to have only just dropped into a doze, when awakened by her husband softly unclosing the door. His errand was at a large light closet, in which were kept the trunks she had used at her honeymoon tour, and his portmanteau.

Selecting this latter, he shuffled away, and, now, thoroughly aroused, she knew by the opening and shutting of drawers in the adjacent apartment that he must be making preparations for a journey.

Where could he be going? Was he about to leave her for ever? Was this to be the result of a foolish dispute which a word of explanation from herself would have put an end to?

And yet, Etta asked of herself, with her bosom heaving angrily, had she not been justified in objecting to the meddlesome interference of Miss Sarah Downes, who, despite her pretensions to sanctity and philanthropy, had set more than one couple by the ears, and retailed more gossip than anyone else in the parish? Why was Mayne so blind to this as to listen to her when she made injurious statements regarding one in whom his faith and trust should be unlimited?

But he was returning, this time dressed for travelling.

He set his lamp down on the table, and came to the bedside, where his wife, with wide-open eyes, and pale face, lay breathlessly regarding him.

"I am going away," he said, "to Oporto, where there are some affairs of our firm wanting attention; and when those have been set in order it is suggested that I shall sail to Valparaiso, and form a branch there. As my stay may be for weeks, or even months, would you like to remain in this house, or shut it up and remove to your mother's?"

"You are going to leave England—and—and me?"

"Yes," he replied, sadly. "I am afraid it will be the best thing for both of us. I cannot live the life we have been living these last two days. Estrangement and dissension are horrible to me, and, if we cannot dwell peaceably together, we are better apart.

"And yet we were so happy," he added, sighing, and gazing at her fondly. "For six short, delicious months we have been all in all to each other. Why are we changed? Have I been too harsh, too exacting? Is the fault mine?"

"No, no," sobbed Etta, springing up in the bed to clasp her arms about his neck. "It is I who have been too hasty, too ready to stand on my own dignity. But I did not deceive or disobey you, as I ought to have explained at once. The real facts of the matter were these. My cousin Bessie called on me that afternoon, wearing a hat I had given her—the one aunt Sarah recognized—and as she was going into the town I asked her to order some haberdashery for me, and leave my cape at Jones' to have something done to the clasps. She told me she should put it on, for the satisfaction of trying how comfortable it felt."

"Then it was your cousin my aunt saw. In figure you certainly are so much alike that her mistake was not surprising. If I had only known this sooner!"

"And if I had been more forbearing—more placable——"

"My darling, say no more! It has been a mistake all through. Let us take warning from it, and—kiss and forgive me, for I must be gone, or I shall miss the mail train."

"Ah, no, you will not leave me now!" panted Etta, clinging to his neck.

But his arrangements had been made, and could not be altered. To Oporto he must go, and he had only left himself three-quarters of an hour for a final visit to the house of the senior partner, there to receive letters, last instructions, drafts on bankers, &c.

"Then I shall go too," said Etta, and, by some means or other, she was dressed, a bag packed, and a cab found that dashed into the station with her just as the mail steamed up to the platform.

On the following day the cottage was shut up, and Miss Sarah Downes was fully employed in making calls on her various friends, to whom, with many sighs and groans, she imparted the heart-breaking tidings that her dear nephew had broken up his home and gone abroad, in consequence of a quarrel with his young wife, who had, as Miss Sarah was grieved—deeply grieved—to be obliged to say, abused his confidence and deceived him in so many ways that he was compelled to separate from her.

But when a second edition of the story was published—when it became known that Etta was with her husband, and her mother received an amusing account of

her hurried departure, written on board the steamer, with a few lines added by Mayne, conveying a promise to take good care of his precious little wife, calumny was set at naught; and now Miss Sarah found herself in such a ridiculous position that she thought it advisable to go to the seaside for her health.

She is still away, though Mr. and Mrs. Firthley have returned to England, and are once more settled in their own home. Miss Downes' familiar figure and Roman nose are no longer seen in the High street or at the tea-tables of the matrons of the pleasant little country town; but, somehow, both rich and poor appear to get on as well, or perhaps better, without her.

Delamere Pool.

BY C. C.

HELEN! Helen! look at yonder simpleton trying to climb the roof of your rustic summer-house! There—see! he has broken the honeysuckle, as I knew he would—the awkward, stupid creature!"

And Florry Armitage threw herself down upon the grass, in convulsive laughter at the vain attempts of the youth to extricate himself from the trailing creepers and woodbine, into which he had unwittingly made his descent from the tree which he had climbed. In coming down, he had momentarily mistaken the ivy-covered roof of the summer-house for terra firma, and the consequence was a general smash up of the frail edifice.

Helen did not laugh. She pitied his embarrassment, and strove to re-assure him; while Florry, apparently delighted at the mishap, continued to shout and clap her hands in long-protracted ecstacies. All this while, the young man was trying to free himself from his position, in which he at length succeeded.

Sweet—pure—gentle and beautiful! I should exhaust all epithets of praise, if I would describe the loveliness of face and figure, of mind and temper, that were concentrated in Helen Delamere.

Helen's father, Colonel Delamere, retired from the army to a small estate in Cheshire, and strove to forget the din and turmoil of arms in the repose and serenity of his country life.

Delamere Grange was a romantic and beautiful place. The river marked its boundaries, and fertile fields, and deep woods, and the Welsh mountains, were all features belonging to itself. Helen was his only daughter. His wife had long been dead, and this child supplied the place of all others in his heart. On her was lavished every advantage that wealth could procure. For her, he passed thoughtful days and wakeful nights.

The child grew in beauty, until she was seventeen. Clear brown eyes, soft chesnut hair, and a complexion which the sun and wind in vain tried to spoil, was hers. But most of all her gifts was the sweet, sunny temper that was proof against all that could touch the outer circle in which her pure spirit lay enshrined.

Florence Armitage was a former schoolfellow, passing the summer at Delamere Grange, as she had formerly passed her vacations there—that is, in perfect freedom as one of the family, at liberty to come and go at her own sweet will. She was a perfect contrast to her young hostess. Wild and untamed, with a strong will and high, ungovernable temper, and a mad, reckless gaiety, she was ever getting into some scrape which she thought her friends were bound to extricate her from.

The visit of young Horace Kent to Delamere awakened all the wild spirits which had become somewhat calmed by a quiet residence of two or three weeks with Helen and her father.

Horace did not like the dark, handsome brunette, who made light of everything serious. He could not bear to have the books and music he had loved jeered at by her as sentimental nonsense—nor that Helen's favorite songs should receive the same ridicule; for Horace had not been three days under the Colonel's roof, without dearly loving his beautiful daughter. He had often seen her before, for the Colonel was his guardian ever since he was eight years old; but absence, and her rapid shooting up into womanhood, had served to render him somewhat shy and sensitive in her presence, especially when Florence's ringing laugh greeted everything he uttered.

There was one spot upon the Colonel's domain which seemed to attract the young people more than any other. This was the banks of a large sheet of water, known as "the Pool," where overhanging willows made sufficient shade to rest there, even at noon, and whose waters afforded them delightful sails in summer and fine skating in winter. They came hither one bright summer morning, when Florence was in her gayest mood, and Helen launched the boat in which they would sometimes sail for hours over the beautiful lake. Florence persisted in standing up, whenever it suited her, thereby endangering the safety of the party. Horace in vain assured her that it was wrong; she laughed at h'e fears.

The morning, so bright and beautiful, changed in its aspect. Heavy clouds arose in the west, and everything betokened either a thunder-storm or a heavy gale. Horace endeavored to manage the boat, but in vain. A sudden wind capsized the frail vessel, and all three were embosomed in the waters. Horace regained his self-possession almost instantly. He could swim well, and believed that he could save both his companions; but Florence clung to him so convulsively, that she hindered him from holding properly to either.

Helen was fast sinking before his eyes, and he was held so tightly, that he could not reach her! In that fearful hour all the love that had so long been pent up within his own bosom found expression. He called her by the most endearing names—strove frantically to reach her, and tried to bear Florence on towards her; but in vain.

All at once, when he had lost sight of her in his strong efforts to be free, he had looked into Florence's face, and was struck with its deeply passionate expression. Could it be that she was thus holding him from Helen by design? It was a terrible thought, and he turned quickly away, fearful that he might be tempted to cast her away from him altogether.

But when he looked for Helen she was nowhere to be seen. Had the cruel waters indeed closed over her? For a moment he ceased to make any effort to save himself or the helpless burden that still clung to him. Despair seemed all at once to settle darkly around him. No movement in the water betrayed that Helen was struggling there. She must have gone down without a word or a struggle.

This state lasted but an instant. The next, he was bearing Florence towards the bank, and soon saw her, panting and exhausted, beneath the willows. The storm came on with blinding and pitiless rain; and the whole surface of the water was broken into wild, billowy swells, such as seldom disturbed its quiet calm. Horace shuddered when he thought who lay beneath.

It was of no avail to stay there. Dripping with wet, he raised Florence to her feet, and drew her to the nearest cottage. Two or three fishermen had fixed their abode on the outskirts of Colonel Delamere's farm, and when not employed in their regular avocation on the sea, they found employment in trout fishing and alternate labor on the farm. These people had been special objects of Helen's care and forethought, and they repaid her by a reverence that amounted almost to adoration. Their children were clothed and taught by her, and when any of their families were sick it was her hand that ministered medicine and nourishment.

When Horace entered the cottage, he gave way to his feelings in a burst of sorrow that seemed to threaten his very senses. The fisherman's wife, whose love of Helen was unbounded, comprehended at once what it meant.

"Oh, sir! where have you left Miss Helen? I hope she has not come to harm!"

A quick, convulsive motion towards Florence, in token that she must take care of her, was all that Horace could make.

"I was tellin' John this mornin', that she was too good to live," continued the woman, "and John said he hoped that Miss Helen would live as long as he did, and when there warn't any sich angel to the airth, then he'd like to go too. Where John himself is, I don't know for sartain. He went out in a boat this mornin' down the river, and he ain't been at home since."

She had called this out to Horace from an inner room, in which she was helping Florence change her wet garments for others that were coarse but clean; and then wrapping her in a warm blanket, she laid her in the bed. Horace hastily threw on some dry clothes, and was out of the house, and looking wildly around the pool, with no definite plan in view, before they missed him from the cottage.

No one was in sight. The gray waters looked chill and dismal, and the plashing sound seemed like the requiem above Helen's form. Horace shuddered at the thought, yet he had not life enough left within him to seek for aid. Once, indeed, had he felt able to move from the bank on which he had thrown himself, he would have precipitated himself into the depths which he believed was her grave; but a merciful hand seemed to hold him back.

He remained there, until he became totally insensible—the chill atmosphere of rain and fog having nearly paralyzed him. He was roused by John Maxwell's voice.

"Mr. Kent! Mr. Kent! she has opened her eyes, and is calling for you."

Horace did not comprehend even this simple sentence, and he asked what was the matter.

"The young lady, sir, bid me come for you."

"Oh, and to leave my Helen here!" murmured the unhappy youth. But better feelings prevailed, and he leaned on John's arm, saying that he would go to poor Florence.

"Is Miss Delamere's name Florence, sir?" said John—a question unheard by his companion, whose thoughts were with the scene of the evening before, when Helen had owned that she loved him.

Horace staggered on; and not until John's arm was thrown around him, and he was drawn within the cheerful warmth of a blazing fire, did full consciousness return to him. Then he dimly saw a form, which he thought was Florence's, lying on the floor. The pale face was lifted to his own, and the white arms were reaching towards him; but no sound issued from the lips. He closed his eyes and groaned in bitterness of spirit; and, overcome by his emotions, he fell upon the floor beside the prostrate figure, around whom John's wife was busying herself with more than a mother's tenderness.

"There, let me take you up now, Miss Delamere, darling, and put you in the bed with the other young lady. Here is poor Mr. Kent needs me more than you do."

What sounds were those that reached the dull ear fast lapsing into unconsciousness again? Had a trumpet sounded, it could not have roused him more effectually than the simple words—"Miss Delamere."

With a glad cry he pressed the pale beauty to his heart, and held her there as if no power should ever part them again. She opened her languid eyes, fixed them tenderly upon his face, and, like a tired child, she rested her cheek upon his shoulder and slept. By this time her father had arrived with everything in the carriage which could make a comfortable bed for the two exhausted girls. They were placed within it, and driven slowly home.

The colonel lingered a moment to thank John Maxwell, in a voice that was husky with grateful emotion. It was he who had taken the fast drowning girl from the water, and swam with her to a point of land not far distant from that where Horace and Florence had landed, and had then carried her home in his arms. He had called to them in vain. The wind and rain drowned the sound of his voice.

"Oh, Helen!" exclaimed Florence, the next morning, "how much I should have preferred to have been saved by John Maxwell, than by a mere youth of my own standing in life. It seems so romantic!"

"Oh, Florence! will not even drowning tame you?" asked Helen, looking up from the sofa where her father had condemned her to lie all day.

In the autumn there was a happy wedding at Delamere, and Florence was bridesmaid. Very beautiful were both the fair girls, although neither had quite recovered the healthful glow which they had once worn. It was a happy ending to a scene so near to death.

OSTRICH HUNTING.—The natives of Central Africa have a certain and easy way to capture the ostrich. Their usual mode is in hunting them down, though snares are also employed when the birds are seen, the horsemen set out in pursuit, and follow until ambush is found, where they can secrete themselves. The birds, which have easily outdistanced the riders, finding themselves no longer pursued, stop, and then turn back over the same ground, at the utmost speed, in search of their pursuers. As soon as they have detected them, they turn again and seek safety in flight, flapping their wings, but never rising from the ground. When they have got over a considerable distance without pursuit, they again stop, and foolishly run back at the same pace, to convince themselves of the absence of danger. The hunters, who have not moved from the spot, allow the birds to tire themselves out, and then gallop after them. It would be a vain attempt to run down the untired bird.

L. G. W.

"LET'S go into this restaurant and get something to eat." "But I'm not hungry." "That's no matter; you will be before you get anything."

Scientific and Useful.

MOVABLE SOLES.—Shoes and boots with movable soles have been invented. It is claimed that when one pair of soles are worn out, new ones may be readily substituted.

MOLASSES.—Molasses burns with a high heat in combination with the dry stalks of the sugar cane, and its substitution for coal as a fuel is practiced in certain sections of the South.

WIND.—An ingenious watchmaker in Nuremberg, Bavaria, has invented a device which displays on the face of a clock, one hour before it is about to run down, the warning word: "Wind."

RIVER DEPTHS.—An ingenious apparatus for ascertaining the depths of rivers and smaller streams has recently been successfully tried on the Elbe. It consists of a curved arm, hinged at its upper extremity, and of a length sufficient for the lower curved portion to trail on the bed of the stream. The greater the depth of the stream, the more will the arm be inclined, and hence by suitable recording mechanism the depth can be automatically registered.

SCREW MACHINE.—C. M. Spencer, of Windsor, Ct., the inventor of the original screw machine and the Spencer repeating shotgun, has been at it again. This time he has made a device that turns out eight screws a minute, with slots and threads cut all ready for packing. One peculiarity of the machine is that it requires little or no attention. After the apparatus is started it will go on making screws until the material gives out. Sometimes Mr. Spencer starts it up and goes to Hartford. He stays all day, and upon his return at night the machine is still grinding out screws.

Farm and Garden.

THE VICIOUS HORSE.—The horse has no eyebrows, and if much white is visible in the eye itself it is a sure sign of a vicious nature.

EGGS.—It is said that the difficulty in obtaining fresh eggs has led to the use of a substitute for eggs, in egg phosphate. It looks and tastes like the product of the industrious hen, and can be produced at a moderate cost when she is on vacation.

LARD AND SNUFF.—A mixture of lard and snuff is the California remedy for lice on stock. This ointment does not need to be applied to the entire animal, but a ring of it two or three inches wide made completely around the neck will have the desired effect.

SOAPSUDS.—Few persons know how very useful soap-suds prove when employed as manure. Applied to the roots of vines, fruit trees, roses, etc., they impart a vigor and rapidity of growth which is perfectly surprising. No one who is so lucky as to have a garden should waste this valuable form of manure. It is an excellent plan to have a large tub, and put the soapsuds and dirty water into it till required upon the garden.

HONEY.—By the color of the honey and the aroma therefrom, an experienced bee-keeper can determine the source from whence it came. Thus, it is very easy to tell buckwheat honey by its very dark look and by its strong and pungent odor. Honey dew honey has the same dark look, but lacks the odor or aroma. In fact, there is little or no aroma about this honey dew. For this reason no bee-keeper need be deceived as to the source of such odorless honey.

THE BARNYARD.—It is more economical in open barnyards, to allow cattle to trample the coarse materials, the manure being composted in a heap under shelter until the materials in the barnyard are broken fine by the feet of the animals, when they may be added to the heap, the whole to be composted and enough fresh manure added to create heat in the heap. When the rains are permitted to wash out the soluble matter there will not be enough available plant food remaining to pay for the hauling and spreading of the "made" manure on the land in the spring.

A TEASPOONFUL OR TWO, MIXED with a little cold water and sweetened to please the taste, for grown people, of Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, taken on top of each meal, will have a wonderfully good effect in securing proper digestion of food—relieving heartburn, sick and oppressed stomach, and other ailments of dyspeptic persons. Try it for a few weeks and be satisfied. It has helped, it has cured thousands, and why not you? Small bottles 35 cents and double size 50 cents. Buy of your Druggist.

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Of Superior People.

It is not without reason, as it is fit that it should not be, that our pastors and masters are continually preaching to us the necessity of being humble and lowly. It is, perhaps, not a very pleasant thing to insist on, but there is hardly one of us who does not wish that he were somewhat higher than he is.

Women wish it as a matter of course; their ambition being, as a rule, greater than man's. A man may, as an exception, be content to be nothing; a woman never is and never can be; she worships and loves power, rises more easily into it than man, and when in power bears herself better than man.

But, rise as high as we can—we men or women—we shall always find at a point above us certain "superior" people." You constantly hear and see such people. They are perhaps not so rich, so good-looking, nor so clever as yourself, but they are "superior people."

They are born such, and such they continue. It is not because their birth is high, or their connections high, although they always make believe that they have a little of both of these advantages; nor that their power is actually greater—but there they are.

If you are an author, you will find such men hard-hearted, cruel and often very stupid critics, who multiply faults and who are quite blind to beauties—but who habitually look down on the writer. It is the same in all the ranks of life.

Now this is sadly annoying. It is all the more so because it is so true. It is only the old story over again of the preacher's lament, that the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that time and chance have happened and will happen to all men.

One cannot help feeling bitterly annoyed at these superior people; but then our annoyance is of little use. Even those who raise them to their height know nothing in their favor, nothing except one thing—they are silent and safe; if they do nothing clever, they say nothing foolish.

Silence and imperturbability are the two requisites for a man to get on in the world. He should not feel too much; he should not be too clever; he should be able to put up with a good deal of snubbing and rudeness, and conceal his feelings. He should not show his cards, for that is the secret of success, but be at times capable of being close, sudden and determined.

If he is in official business, or in any of the pursuits into which our society is cut up, he may rise superior to many a better man by merely holding his tongue and looking as if he understood things. This is not a very high estimate of matters in the world; but yet practice tells us every day that this is not a very high world, although it is the highest that we know at present, and although in its general aims, estimate and practice it is considerably higher than the world of the "noble savage," or any such primitive and normal personage.

Whether a man succeeds as a boy or whether he does not, he will try to do so as a man. Every man has self-love, and self-love is never deserted by hope; and we have seen in our day so many surprising turns of fortune, such unexpected results, and men of such little known talent or prowess do such wonderful things, that no one wonders at men still striving to become "superior people," and even in their old age rising or endeavoring to rise above their fellows.

A long success in life, which often falls to men who are at the same time skilful and ambitious, generally destroys the simplicity and the hearty honesty of a man. He contemplates the difficulties he has overcome, and he regards himself as a hero; he believes his merit to be beyond that of any one else, and he seeks to reward himself as fully as he can. Hence there is a necessity of some snubbing to his senses.

In private life this endeavor to be a "superior person" is all very well if kept within bounds. "Cutting a dash," "astonishing the Browns," or "living for appearances," are all vulgar phrases, but they explain one very vulgar wish—that is, of getting on unfairly beyond others, and of appearing what we really are not. These attempts, begun in bad taste, and fostered by pride, generally end in lamentable failures.

When they are failures, the man or woman who has failed gets no pity. Simple worth and truth, and a decent respect for himself, will prevent any one from indulging in such silly vanity; and the man or woman who never tries to be what he or she is not, but just exactly what he and she is, will be clothed with a natural and earnest grandeur, and will be, after all, in reality, the "superior person."

THERE is something beautiful as sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, laying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant—and over all the sleepless Eye, which since the world began has never lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours, with an almost painful intensity. Then eternity only seems real, and every-day life a fable. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase these thoughts away, as the sun dries up the dew-drops, which like our thoughts performed their reviving mission ere they departed.

THE mind of man is formed to desire and to relish variety. The objects with which he is conversant are varied without end, to gratify that desire, and to correspond with that relish. The glare of a perpetual sunshine and the fervid heat of a continual summer would speedily oppress and destroy mankind; but, relieved by the tranquillity of darkness, the freshness of spring, the sedateness of autumn, and even the gloom of winter, they become no less grateful than they are beneficial.

REPUTATION and character are two things which must never be confounded. The one is external, the other is internal. The one is determined by what other people say of us; the other is our inmost and real self. The one may vary with the caprice of the people; the other remains unaffected by the breath of applause or the mask of hypocrisy. Sometimes a man, from certain circumstances, may have a very good reputation, though his character is radically bad; and there have been cases in which the noblest men in point of character have been, just because they were acting out their principles, in very poor repute.

HAPPINESS between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to provide for her husband's tastes and wishes renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

SELF-TRUST is the first secret of success—the belief that, if you are here, the authorities of the universe have put you here, and for a cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution; and so long as you work at that you are well and successful. It by no means consists in rushing prematurely to a showy feat that shall catch the eye and satisfy spectators. It is enough if you work in the right direction.

A POPULAR author says, "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages."

THERE are many fruits that never turn sweet until the frost has laid upon them; there are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them; and there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow touches them.

MODERATION is the father of health, cheerfulness, and old age. Excess has so large a family that we cannot remember the names of one-half of them. However, disease, debt, dishonor, destruction, and death, are among them—not the most hopeful household in the world.

WERE we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.

A RESOLUTION that is communicated is no longer within thy power; thy intentions become now the plaything of chance; he who would have his commands certainly carried out must take man by surprise.

OF all sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children, enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.

DEATH is a mighty mediator. There all the flames of rage are extinguished, hatred is appeased, and angelic pity, like a weeping sister, bends with gentle and close embrace over the funeral urn.

THERE are two ways of getting along in this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

SORDID selfishness doth contract and narrow our benevolence, and cause us, like serpents, to infold ourselves within ourselves, and to turn out stings to all the world besides.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNE P.—Acquaintance must commence somewhere; why not at church? It was but common civility to offer "half the book;" but have no secrets from your parents.

HUWUR.—The two rival Paladins of Charlemagne—were Roland and Oliver—who fought for five days successively on an island on the Rhine, and which combats never resulted in a victory to either.

SUFFERER.—If one is troubled with insomnia, a bandage soaked in cold water and laid across the eyes and temples will afford almost immediate relief and guarantee rest to the weary person if he suffers no other ailment.

K. A. S.—Columbus landed twice in America. The first time in 1498 on the northern coast of South America; again on August 14, 1502, on the coast of Honduras. At both times, of course, he landed more than once, and at both times he sailed along the coast.

DORIS.—We are sorry for you, but your relations with those around you might be improved by self-control and self-forgetfulness, as the case may be. Have a pleasant smile on addressing others, and a kindly word, giving full attention to the smallest matter of which they at least think it worth while to speak. You ask for our help, but you are entirely in your own hands, not ours. We cannot make you look pleasant, as you may pull a string and make a doll open and shut her eyes, or make a wooden harlequin throw up his arms and legs! The strings are in your own hands.

MABEL V.—Howell, in his "Familiar Letters," tells us that in 1560 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of knit black silk stockings by her silk-woman, Mrs. Montagu, and she never wore cloth ones any more; but he also tells us that her father, Henry VIII., wore ordinary cloth stockings, except there came from Spain, "by chance, a pair of silk stockings;" so that knit silk stockings were then known, if even very rare. Edward VI. also had a pair presented by his merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, and the present was thought remarkable. The act of weaving them on a frame was invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Cambridge, in 1589, twenty-five years after he had learned to knit them with wires, or needles. Cotton stockings were not made till more than a century afterwards, namely, in 1730.

CASUALTY.—The origin of the saying, "a cock-and-a-bull story," is given, we believe, as far as memory serves us, in Nichols's "Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth," published in 1781, by way of illustration to the plate, "Enthusiasm," representing the celebrated Orator Henley's meeting house. On one occasion, finding the attention of his congregation flagging, he began in a loud voice: "There was once a cock in the same meadow with a bull. The cock began to crow, when the bull——" Having by this time completely aroused the attention of his listeners, he stopped short and said: "But the story of the cock and the bull need not be further told; and, as I see you are all eagerly attentive, I will proceed with my discourse, which its introduction interrupted." Hence a very absurd story soon got the name of "a-cock-and-bull story."

WINSTANLEY.—In the seventh chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, v. 11, our Lord says, "Corban, that is to say a gift." The Jews swore by Corban, that is, the gifts sacred to God, and their women devoted themselves to His service, or made themselves Corban. Probably they devoted themselves to the service of the Temple. It was a kind of dedication to God, for goods, property, &c., could be made Corban, and were then considered sacred. We have instances of this kind of devotion in many other nations. With the Buddhists there are women who devote themselves to the service of the priests and the temple; but they are anything but vestal virgins, and are utterly to be abhorred. The vestals in Rome were devotees of a particular goddess, and therefore there exists no analogy between them and the Jewish women who had made themselves Corban.

DEBATE.—Wine is good, and is sanctified to man's use, and he is a fool who abuses it by non use or over use. Teetotalism has done great good, and no doubt some evil. Unmixed evil is not permitted to exist; but because of the good which teetotalism does, we are not to have a stringent law to tie us all up, to close all the public houses, and make our very servants spies on us when we drink a glass of pale ale. Let teetotallers limit their efforts to the reformation of drunkards, and they will be wise; but they must know that Christianity has been before them there. A dreadful curse is pronounced on the drunkard, and he is excluded from Heaven if he dies in his sin; but there is not one word said against a man comforting himself, or even making merry with wine, if he need it.

BERTIE.—The meaning of the term, met with in old novels and plays, of "making a leg," was a salutation made by the gentleman to the lady; he made his "leg," and she courtsied. You may see them do it now on the French stage, and on the American when they dance a "minuet de la Cour." The gentleman advances the right foot about six inches, pointing the toe, placing his hat to his breast, and bowing. It was common for a very long time. Selden alludes to it in his "Table Talk," written in Charles the Second's time. "Were ladies," says he, "not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with 'legs,' and kissing of hands, they were the pitifulest creatures in the world; but yet, methinks, to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, that after they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple."

"HE TELLS ME."

BY H. B.

He tells me that he loves me,
And I see it in his eye,
That beams upon me brightly
Whenever he is nigh.

I know I dearly love him,
For I feel it when I hear
A sound of footsteps in the hall
That tells me he is near.

And when he named the happy day
We've thought of long before,
I smiled upon him softly
And loved him all the more.

The Conscript.

BY R. N.

IN ONE of the fruitful valleys of Piedmont, nestled amongst the clustering foliage of the vine and mulberry, stands the picturesque village of Piorino. Attracted by its simple beauty, I took up a summer residence there some years ago, and formed the intimate acquaintance of its venerable pastor.

He was at that period verging into his seventieth year, but the hand of Time had touched him gently; there was a cheerful freshness in his voice, and an infectious humor in his laugh. "White as snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves." The whole of his useful life had been passed amongst the inhabitants of that secluded village, and in the days of trial and adversity they had found him a sage counsellor and faithful friend. His modest dwelling, partially concealed under an abundant growth of vines and roses, stood in the midst of a pleasant garden, flanked by a green lane bordered with tall hedgerows and low sloping banks of wildflowers.

I was one evening sharing his genial hospitality; we were seated together in the cheerful sitting-room, with its tasteful arrangements of pictures and flowers, when my eye chanced to light upon two military orders and a golden cross of the iron crown, encircle by a wreath and suspended over the mantelpiece. Feeling curious to learn how those badges of war had come to adorn that peaceful home, I questioned my host respecting them. Suddenly, however, a cloud gathered over his furrowed brow, and a silence of some minutes followed my interrogation.

"My question causes you pain?" I ventured to remark.

"No, no," he faltered; "not pain; but the memory of sad events is awakened by those mementoes. If you will patiently hear me to the end I will relate them."

I promised him my attention, and after a thoughtful pause he thus began:—

"My story refers to the period when my country was under the dominion of the French, and her brave sons were driven forth to swell the armies of Napoleon. Near the schoolhouse at the end of the village there stands a vine-dresser's cottage, where resided with his widowed mother a young peasant name Andrew Toniato. He was a fine stalwart youth with supple limbs and powerful frame. His frank face was cheerily lighted by a pair of blue eyes, and his flaxen hair hung in rich curls round his forehead. In an adjacent cottage there dwelt the beauty, I may say, pride of our little community, Marie Levalle, who justly merited, by her goodness more than her rare loveliness, the esteem of all who knew her. She and Andrew had grown up from childhood together, and as they reached maturer years their attachment ripened into earnest love. Neither one or the other sought by coquettish arts to smother their true sentiments, and it soon became publicly known that they had resolved to walk side by side over life's perilous journey. Every tongue was prophetic with a bright future for them, and not a wish was breathed that did not teem with blessings for them."

He paused, and I could perceive by the shade of sadness that darkened his placid features, that the recital cost him a severe effort. After a while he resumed:

"At length the bridal day was fixed; but within a week of its approach the sound of the drum through the village street caused many a stout heart to quail with fear. It announced the periodical drawing for the conscription, and a few hours later I met Andrew on his way to the appointed rendezvous. Marie was with him, and I shall never forget the expression depicted on their faces. Andrew's was fierce and menacing; the maiden's was despairing and hopeless. The rose had suddenly faded from her fair cheeks, and her slender, graceful figure had lost its buoyant grace. Whispering a few words of sympathy, I took Marie's hand and walked with them. We arrived at the office where the drawing was to take place, and, after a brief delay, Andrew Toniato's name was called out. I could feel the poor maiden's hand trembling in mine. I could feel the fearful shudder that thrilled through her frame as her lover stepped forward. The next instant he drew the fatal number—three; then a smothered wail of deepest anguish broke from her lips, and she dropped with stonelike numbness to the ground.

"Tenderly lifting her in my arms, I intrusted Marie to the care of her brothers, who at once removed her home. Not a sentence escaped Andrew's lips as he stood with his features hardening into the tone and color of marble. The act setting forth the penalty of insubordination or desertion was read over to him, but he seemed totally unconscious of its meaning. At length I placed my hand on his shoulder, and drew him from the room; he followed me with the docility of a child until we reached the village street, when he suddenly shook himself from my grasp, and turning upon me a wild, menacing glance, darted from my side and disappeared from my sight."

"Did he desert?" I inquired.

"Knowing his sensitive nature, I half feared as much," replied the aged pastor. "Three days passed, and we heard no tidings of him. On the fourth day a file of soldiers arrived at his mother's cottage in search of him. While, however, the sergeant was pressing his inquiries, Andrew suddenly appeared. He at once confessed his reluctance to serve, and acknowledged that he had meditated an escape, but added, that he was now fully resigned to his fate, and if permitted to take a brief farewell of his mother and Marie, would offer no further resistance. The sergeant yielded to his entreaties and withdrew.

"The intelligence of his return having reached me, I hastened at once to the cottage. I have beheld human suffering in various phases, but the scene I then witnessed in that humble home stands out in dark contrast even at this far distant time. The silent anguish on the furrowed features of the weeping mother, the look of hopeless despair on the pale face of poor Marie, and the fierce, sullen expression depicted on the countenance of her lover, told in truthful language the agonizing grief of their hearts. On the shrine of glory were placed a widowed mother's garnered comfort, and a young bride's first hopeful vision.

"'Marie,' he was saying, as I paused, unseen, upon the threshold, 'my darling Marie, be calm. I have something to say which I cannot utter until you cease those sobs.'

"She laid her wan face on his shoulder, and fixing her eyes with a long, steady gaze upon him, said, almost inaudibly, 'I will not breathe another sound.'

"'Next Sunday was to have been our wedding day,' he continued; 'but now four long years stand between that happiness we have waited for with so much anxiety.'

"'Yes, four long years, Andrew,' she said, in a fainter whisper.

"'If they were twenty,' said he, 'I could wait, Marie, and come back to find no change in you, even though your face should be wrinkled and your hair silvered. But I shall have to encounter perils in every shape before my return; nay, perhaps even death itself.'

"'The young girl shuddered, and clung to him with a convulsive grasp, as she slowly repeated 'Death!'

"'Yes, Marie,' he continued; 'and before we separate, possibly for ever, I wish to release you from your vows to me—to leave you free to accept another who will love and protect you as I would have done if Providence had so willed it. This is my earnest desire. Will you comply with it?'

"'I cannot, Andrew,' she replied, in a beseeching tone; 'I cannot. To obey you would be to take the one glimmer of light from my life. My heart is yours, my love is yours; they can never belong to another."

"'Ay, Marie,' said he; 'but if you wait and wait through weary years until your youth fades, where will you find a protector in your age?'

"'In God, Andrew,' she replied, in a voice of fervent meekness. 'Every day and every night in your absence, I shall pray to Him to keep you safe, and my faith in His mercy and your love will never waver."

"'Marie is right, Andrew,' said the weeping mother; 'it would be the cruelest stroke of all to me to see her the wife of another.'

"'That will never happen, mother,' said Marie, with a faint smile; 'for you are also my mother now, and you will need a daughter's help in Andrew's absence.'

"At that moment the short, measured tread of armed men fell on my ear, and the sergeant, with his file of soldiers, halted in front of the cottage. Andrew knelt hurriedly before his mother, and received her parting benediction; then, folding Marie to his breast, he bade her look up, that he might bear the image of her bright face for ever in his memory. And she did look up; and he pressed the pale cheeks, the clouded forehead, and drew the young form closer and closer to him; and then, in gentle whisperings, he breathed a new courage, a fadeless hope into her heart. Passing through the doorway, he paused under the little porch, with both hands pressed over his eyes.

"I approached him, and in a low voice, said, 'Andrew, your future comrades are waiting for you. I will accompany you to your first halting place. Come, take heart.' He drew himself proudly up, grasped my hand with a cheerful smile and stepped lightly forward. The guard closed round him, the order to march was given, and the party set forth.

"We walked on until we arrived at a roadside inn about two leagues from the village, where, in an old detached building, a number of conscripts were mustered, preparatory to their joining the main building. A delay of a couple of hours took place, but further intercourse with Andrew was strictly forbidden me. I resolved, however, to witness his final departure, and at length the door of the building was opened, and the poor fellow emerged from his temporary prison handcuffed, and attached by a long cord to a score of other conscripts. While this painful scene was passing, to my intense surprise Marie herself darted by me, and threw herself once more upon her lover's neck. Her thoughtless act inflicted a bitter humiliation upon Andrew; still, her extreme beauty and profound grief silenced the jeers that rose to the lips of his companions.

"'It was to give you this, Andrew, that I followed you,' she sobbed, as she pressed a small cross carved in wood, and entwined with a lock of her golden hair, into his hand. He took the humble token, and placed it next his heart.

"At that moment the word to move forward was given. I received Marie from him, and the band marched away on their sad route. We watched them pass round the long winding hill, the declining sun slanting their shadows on the dusty road, and the hum of their voices growing dimmer and dimmer on the wafting breeze, until they disappeared from our strained sight under the gloomy shade of a distant pine grove.

"At the end of two months a letter arrived from Andrew, dated Magdeburg. It told us that he had joined the grand army, that he was no longer called conscript, but had been drafted into a regiment of grenadiers. The following spring he wrote from Aranza, in Spain; he had then passed unscathed through many a hard-fought field, had risen step by step to the rank of sergeant, and had been decorated with an order.

"Two years wore away. I was one evening returning through the village when my attention was arrested by a group of animated faces gathered in front of Andrew's cottage.

"'Here is our curate!' they shouted, 'he will be glad to hear the news.'

"What news, my friends?' I inquired.

"Every voice, as one accord, cried joyfully, 'Andrew Toniato is returned!

"I passed to the door, where Marie welcomed me, her beautiful face all smiles and tears, like April sunshine. Following her inside the house, I encountered the erect, stalwart form of Andrew, clad in the gay uniform of his regiment. The mother with her furrowed face resting on his breast, was trying to bear her part bravely, but the emotion of her heart was plainly visible in the nervous quiver of her lip and her tearful eye.

"'Back, Andrew, at last!' I said, as he grasped my hand.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'our regiment has just returned from Spain, and we are now on our way to rejoin the Italian army. I have obtained a three days' leave of absence to visit my mother and Marie.'

"'How long have you to serve now?' I inquired.

"'Two years,' he smiled, as he drew Marie to his side, 'and then the trial and suspense of this devoted heart will be all over. She will be mine for ever then—my wife.'

"His brief sojourn was marked by a little holiday in the village, and to Marie those three days were the brightest she was ever destined to know. When the hour for Andrew's departure came he placed a ring upon her finger and a small gold chain round her neck.

"'You will see me again, Marie,' he said, 'with an epaulette on my shoulder. I go forth leaning upon your love and His strong arm.'

"He went back to his regiment. In a few weeks war was declared against Austria, and Andrew's name appeared in the list of the wounded; but the elasticity of youth asserted itself, and he speedily recovered. As a reward for his daring and scars he was appointed to the Imperial Guard. Peace was at length restored, and he was ordered to Paris.

"Two more years passed, and bright hopes were mirrored in smiling characters on Marie's softened features. By every post she expected tidings of her lover's return. Cruel blow, bitter disappointment! France became embroiled in a war with Russia. Andrew was ordered away; his first letter was from Smolensko, informing Marie that he was promoted to the rank of sub-adjutant, and that the cross of the iron crown had been awarded to him. She tried to smile when she read me the proud intelligence, but the tremulous motion of her lips and the moisture of her eyes belied her happiness. Still, with the same patient, quiet hopefulness that had always marked her perfect life, she went on her way grateful and trusting.

"At length, in the winter of 1812, a vague rumor reached our secluded village that the French army had been defeated. The news had spread from town to town, from homestead to homestead, and rang through the land with an ominous portent. The fatal tidings quickly followed that Andrew had perished in the pass of Berezina. From that time I seldom saw a smile upon Marie's angelic face. Her countenance was sorrowful, yet it did not betray bitter grief. A calm stole over her, like that of an unruffled sea, as it moves over a hidden wreck, keeping its own dark secret, as she did hers.

"For several weeks little groups of wounded, toilworn soldiers, the remnants of the shattered French army, passed daily through our village, and from two or three was gathered the full particulars of Andrew's death. One, an old sergeant of the Imperial Guard, I overtook as he was limping wearily up the hill leading to my church.

"'Do you belong to Piedmont, my brave fellow?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied; 'and thanks to the lances of those rascally Cossacks, my name will be soon struck from the muster-roll of the Old Guard.'

"'Did you know a young fellow named Andrew Toniato, belonging to your regiment?' I asked.

"'Halt!' he cried, suddenly, as the tears started to his eyes, and fell down his swarthy cheeks. 'Bombshells and sabres!' he gasped out in a hoarse, tremulous voice, 'but you have made a woman of me. Did I know him? Did I know my brave captain?'

"'He had not reached that rank when we last heard from him,' I said.

"'When was that?' inquired the old sergeant.

"'When you were at Smolensko,' I replied.

"'You are wrong,' he remarked; 'it was at Smolensko he obtained his promotion.'

"'Probably,' I replied. 'But do you know if he is still living?'

"'No, no,' he sighed. 'He fell at Berezina. We had crossed the bridge side by side together, when a bullet reached his heart. As I knelt over him for a moment, a beggarly Russian cut me senseless to the ground, and when I awoke I was in an hospital. Poor Toniato! He was the idol of the regiment, and the pride of the Piedmontese. The cold that had sent thousands of his comrades to their last sleep seemed powerless to harm him. He used to boast that he carried two talismans next to his heart.'

"'Marie's love gifts!' I inwardly thought.

"I took the brave fellow to my house, and after supplying him with rest and refreshment, I brought Marie to see him, that she might hear the tidings of her lover's death from the man who saw him fall. Better learn the worst at once, I mused, than live through years of suspense and doubt, to find her fears realised at last.

"For long days and nights after that, poor Marie would steal away to the brow of the hill at the entrance to the village,

and gaze over the long-winding road, hoping against hope, that Andrew might return. Often have I found her there; often has it been my happy lot to breathe a spirit of comfort into her young, mourning heart.

"Three years passed slowly by. Whatever little girlish vanity Marie had once possessed had vanished, and a grave thoughtfulness lent a pensive sadness to her beauty. One evening I met her wending her way through the little churchyard yonder. She was coming, as it subsequently appeared, to solicit my advice. Her sweet, sorrowful face flushed and agitated, and her step was heavy and listless. When she saw me she abruptly paused, and as her eyes met mine, I perceived that they were filled with tears.

"'My dear child,' I said, 'has some new grief befallen you? If so, confide in my friendship.'

"She averted her head, and seemed unwilling to speak. I repeated my question, and then lifting her pale face, she gasped in a chocking whisper, 'They wish me to marry?'

"I felt startled at her words, as though they expressed a crime or impossibility.

"'They wish you to marry!' I reiterated. 'Who wishes you to do so?'

"'My parents,' she replied; 'they are aged and infirm. Their daily cares will be lightened, their poverty removed by him who has proposed for my hand.'

"'And who is he?' I asked.

"'Giuseppe Bernharde, the farmer,' she replied.

"'Why, Giuseppe was Andrew's early companion,' I said.

"'Yes,' she said, 'they were very fast friends once.'

"'And does Giuseppe love you?' I inquired.

"'Yes,' she sighed; 'he says that he has loved me in secret for years, that he would have carried his love unspoken to the grave if any hope remained that Andrew would return.'

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' I pleaded, 'is a prosperous, thriving man. You would secure by this marriage a happy home and a worthy husband.'

"'And ought I not to give him in exchange a whole, true heart?' she retorted. 'I cannot do that; my heart, my love, lie buried in Andrew's grave.'

"'He may find contentment, even happiness, in a dutiful affection,' I urged. 'The hand of the great healer, Time, may plant the flowers of a new love in your bosom, and if they are not so bright and sweet as those which the scythe of Death has so cruelly nipped, still their fragrance may throw a joy into your life.'

"'No, no,' she said, in a tone of plaintive fervency, 'my one solace is, that I shall carry my faith unbroken to Andrew in heaven.'

"'Marie,' said I, 'there are no exclusive affections there, but all merge in universal love.'

"She looked at me with a questioning, earnest glance, and then sank into a long, thoughtful silence. At last she murmured, 'It is a bitter sacrifice I am required to make.'

"'A sacrifice, Marie, that will smoothe the rough furrows of your parents' declining years, and give you a perfect triumph over self,' I urged. 'I leave your decision now with your own calm judgment. Pray, my child, for the Almighty's aid to guide you.'

"'I will, father,' she said, meekly. 'Come to our cottage to-morrow evening; Giuseppe will be there for his answer. I should wish you to hear it, for whatever the future may bring, the past must be blameless and without reproach.'

"I assented, and bade her good night.

"The following evening, according to my appointment, I repaired at sunset to Marie's humble abode. Giuseppe was already there when I entered the cottage; and her parents, bowed by the infirmities of age and toil, were wistfully, waiting my arrival. A serene, almost bright expression, had stolen into Marie's countenance, leaving neither cloud nor shade upon her beauty.

"'Well, Marie,' said I, after a pause, 'what is your resolve?'

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' she began, with her eyes fixed alternately upon the anxious faces of her father and mother, as if she sought to gather strength from their approving smiles, 'when I contrast my poor home with the one you offer, not alone for myself, but my parents also, your sacrifice in seeking the hand of a dowerless girl stands out noble and great.'

"'I make no sacrifice, Marie,' he interrupted.

"'I cannot love you,' she continued, scarcely heeding his words, 'as I have loved Andrew. I can never banish his image from my heart. The only hope his death left me was that I should end my days alone, with his memory for a solace. But a higher duty has been pointed out to me, and I will not shrink from it; if, then, you are content to accept as much love as I have strength to bestow, take my hand. Through good and evil I promise to be a faithful and devoted wife.'

"'I ask no more, dear Marie,' said Giuseppe, as he pressed the outstretched hand to his lips. 'From the grave of your buried affections I will trust that a few fair flowers will spring forth.'

"'This ring and chain,' she said, pointing to Andrew's parting gifts, 'I should like to wear them still.'

"'Do not misunderstand me, dear Marie,' said Giuseppe, with manly tenderness; 'I am not, never shall be, jealous of the memory of Andrew, for was he not my friend, aye, a brother in my heart?'

"Two months later I joined their hands at the altar. My mind was without a shadow, for I knew that Marie could lay her bruised heart on one that, from its own genial depths, had power to heal hers; that she could lean upon an arm strong to support.

"On the bridal morning her aged parents were removed to Giuseppe's comfortable home. All seemed cloudless, bright, and hopeful. At the end of a year a son blessed their union, whom they christened Andrew. In the course of another year a daughter was added to their little circle. Every trace of the sad past seemed obliterated from her memory. Often, as I have caught the reflection of her children's smiles in her own sweet face, have I been reminded of Raphael's Madonna in the Holy Family, and in witnessing that smile I have felt conscious that my prayer had been answered; she was happy. Alas, that a dark cloud should have dimmed so fair a vision!

"It was the fourth anniversary of their wedding, and a fete simple and homely, had been given at Giuseppe's farm in celebration of the event. The best parlor was brightened up, and a few friends, myself included, were invited to pass a social evening. Marie seemed more than usually joyous, and I noticed that Andrew's chain and ring were no longer worn by her. 'Yes,' I mused, 'the wounds are completely healed. A husband's love has nurtured the flowers, and they are now shedding their fragrance around him.'

"I lingered in the midst of their happy circle till the shadows of evening had deepened into night, and then reluctantly took my leave. As I walked down the lane that flanks my parsonage, I heard footsteps behind me, which quickened as I increased my own speed. My hand was on the latch of my garden gate, when a strange familiar voice said, 'Good evening, sir.'

"I turned abruptly, and under a clear, full light of the moon, my gaze fell on the tall, attenuated figure of a man, whose ghastly bearded face and glaring eyes sent a thrill of fear through my veins.

"'Forgotten by you too,' he faltered out, in a dull whisper.

"'Andrew Tonlato!' I exclaimed, as I grasped his arm, to assure myself that he was living reality, and not a spectral illusion.

"'I was called so once, I believe,' he said, with a bitter sigh; 'but I am beginning to think that it must have been a dream.'

"I dragged, rather than led him into the house, with a whirl of conflicting thoughts battling in my mind.

"'When did you arrive, Andrew?' I inquired, as I looked once more into his careworn features, under the fuller light of the lamp.

"'At dusk this evening,' he replied, as he dropped with a laden weight into the nearest chair. "Ah,' he added, with a deep sigh, 'I have had a weary, weary march; but the last few miles have seemed endless. I reached the outskirts of the village at sunset, and waited there till the shadows of night fell. I turned my jaded footsteps to your house first, for I thought that, whatever tidings of death or misery were reserved for me, would fall lighter from your lips than from any others. You were from home when I called, and I sat down under the hedge in the old lane, watching your return.'

"A long silence followed his words, so painful and profound, that the ticking of the clock fell like the roar of artillery on my excited brain. He was the first to break it, asking in a husky voice, 'My mother—does she still live?'

"'Yes, Andrew, she is alive and well,' I replied.

"His lips moved, as if breathing a silent thanksgiving, and a gentle smile played round his haggard countenance. 'But,' I added, 'she must be prepared for your unexpected return. The sudden shock might be fatal to her.'

"'Yes, true,' he assented, as he brushed away a falling tear. Another pause followed. At length he gasped out in choking accents, 'And Marie?' I could not answer him, my tongue seemed paralyzed. 'And Marie?' he reiterated impatiently.

"'She is well and happy,' I replied. 'But,' I added, striving to parry his question, 'why have you not written for more than seven years?'

"'I have written,' he replied, with a look of surprise.

"'Then your letters have miscarried,' I said.

"'No, do not tell me that!' he cried, starting to his feet and confronting me with a wild, stern gaze. 'I will not believe it. My earlier ones may have miscarried, but which I have written during the last two years have surely reached their destination.'

"'Not one,' I replied.

"'Then for the last seven years you have all believed me——'

"'To be dead,' I broke in.

"'Dead!' he exclaimed with a bitter emphasis; 'I have often tried to realize that hideous fact, but the bright hope of my life has repelled it as the suggestion of a fiend. Oh, the joy that glowed in my breast as I neared home. Home!' he repeated—'fool that I was to believe in finding home I should find happiness. And Marie believes me——'

"His voice suddenly faltered, and he staggered back to his chair with a sharp cry of anguish.

"My emotion could scarcely have been greater had I been called upon to pronounce sentence of death upon a beloved child and yet the painful avowal was just, was requisite. I scarcely know how the words escaped me, but a pang of guilty remorse appeared to choke my utterance as I blurted out, 'Marie belongs to another now.'

"His head sank bowed between his clasped hands, and he sat motionless and silent. I could only guess at his poignant agony by the throes that at intervals shook his wasted frame. At length he asked, almost calmly, 'And if the letters which I have sent within the last two years had reached home?'

"'It would have been too late,' I said. 'Marie has been married four years now. She is a true wife and a happy mother.'

"'And her husband?' he inquired.

"'Giuseppe Bernharde,' I replied.

"He lifted his haggard face at the name, and the lines and furrows of twenty years were stamped in characters of pain on every feature.

"'Will you go with me to my mother?' he asked, as he rose wearily from his chair.

"I linked his arm through mine, and we walked slowly through the village to his mother's cottage. Leaving him at the little porch, I entered, and gently broke the tidings to the poor woman. When that part of my mission was ended, I beckoned Andrew inside, and the next instant his aged mother's arms were clinging round his neck, and her tears and kisses, warm and bright, fell on his wasted face.

"I stole quietly out of the house, and turned my footsteps to Giuseppe's farm. The little party had dispersed, and Marie had retired to bed. I told Giuseppe all, and charged him to break the news tenderly to his wife. The next day Giuseppe called upon me, and requested me to bring Andrew to his house the same evening. I demurred at first, but he silenced my scruples by assuring me that Marie was fully prepared for the interview.

"Andrew accepted the invitation without any display of emotion, and we walked up to the farm together. When we entered the parlor, Marie, with her youngest child on her knee, was seated in a half-reclining chair, her ringlets, golden as ever, falling in rich shades over her face; her figure, though somewhat fuller, still retained its graceful outlines. She was but little changed; her face wore its old beaming smile, neither brilliant nor dazzling, but gentle and sweet, like a sunbeam on flowers. Giuseppe was toying playfully with his little son. Wine, interspersed with dishes of fruit, was on the table. The last rays of the evening sun, and the summer air, scented with a perfumed fragrance, fell through the open windows, and the spirit of happiness passed on from heart to heart.

"Marie rose at our entrance, and with extended hand and smiling lip, sprang towards Andrew, saying, 'Thank Heaven! I never believed we should meet again on earth. There, indeed,' she added, pointing upwards, 'I had hoped to meet you, Giuseppe and I.'

"A faint smile illumined Andrew's wan, quivering features, as he silently took the outstretched hands of Marie and Giuseppe in his own, and pressed them to his lips. He then took the child from her arms, and as he left a kiss on its ruby lips, a tear glistened on its baby cheek. He next drew the boy towards him, and held him to his breast with passionate fervor.

"'And what is your name, my brave fellow?' he asked of the child.

"'Andrew,' said Maria.

"He drew the child closer in his embrace, and hid his weeping face in its clustering curls.

"'We were told,' said Giuseppe, after a long pause, 'that you had perished in the pass at Berezina.'

"'I still carry the bullet that struck me down somewhere hereabouts,' said Andrew, pointing to his shoulder, 'but I recovered and was made prisoner, and in company with a host of my comrades was marched to the frontiers of Siberia. There we were dispersed, each to live as best he could. It was my good or evil fortune to attract the notice of Baron Lestoff, a Russian noble, who hired me to superintend his gardens and grounds. I rose quickly into his favor, and when at length I requested permission to return to Piedmont, he not only refused me, but set a guard upon my every movement, and evidently intercepted my letters. After many fruitless attempts I at last effected my escape. Alone, and on foot, I traversed a great portion of Asia and Europe, depending at times upon the casual alms of strangers for meagre meals. One hope sustained me, the——' he paused abruptly, and then, in a tone of forced gaiety, added, 'Ah! it is a long hank of road that is spun out betwixt this and Siberia.'

"Marie's wifely devotion, sanctified by the guardian presence of husband and children, seemed to receive a new strength in that hour of trial; and when the evening light waned into that confused dimness in which objects become lost, and we rose to depart, her pure virtue shone out clear and soft in her bright smile and ingenuous tone.

"Andrew's step was heavy and faltering as we walked homewards together across the fields.

"'You are fatigued,' I observed, as he abruptly halted, and leaned with a heavier weight upon my arm.

"'Oh, yes!' he sighed; I am fatigued. Through long years of captivity and exile I have looked forward to this day as the crowning joy of my life. I return to my old home to see my cup of bliss grasped by the hand of another. It was a merciless fate that snatched me from the sword of the foe.'

"'It was your Maker's will, Andrew,' I interposed.

"'Yes, yes,' he murmured, 'that truth must not forsake; besides, the future here need be of little moment to me now. I feel myself a prematurely aged man, whose sands of life are drifting away.'

"I led Andrew, with soothing words, to his mother's door, and bade him good-night.

"On the following Sabbath, after evening service, I was hastily summoned to Andrew's bedside. I felt startled by the marked and rapid change that had taken place in him during the brief interval which had elapsed since we last parted. One short, quick glance, assured me that the shadow of death was creeping swiftly over him. He held out his long thin fingers to me, and, with a trembling smile upon his pale lips, said, in a faint whisper, 'My warfare is nearly accomplished.'

"'Andrew,' I said, 'have you any earthly wish to make known?'

"'Yes, yes,' he articulated, with laboring breath. 'Giuseppe and Marie—I should like to see them both once more.'

"'Nay, Andrew,' said I, 'have pity upon her, at least, and spare her this blow!'

"'Perhaps you are right,' he murmured; 'come nearer to me; a mist is gathering round me; I can scarcely see you.'

"As I bent over him he drew from under his pillow a small wooden cross, with a lock of golden hair, tarnished with blood, entwined round it.

"'Place these next my heart when I am gone,' he feebly whispered.

"His hand again wandered beneath the pillow, and when he drew it forth his orders and cross were in it.

"'Keep them for my sake,' he said; 'my last fight is over. Pray.'

"I knelt down by the bedside, still holding his hand in mine, and as my prayers rose to the throne of mercy, his fingers re-

laxed, a deep sigh broke from his lips, his earthly warfare was accomplished, and the shadow of death fell darkly over him. There, on the grassy slope of yonder little graveyard, he sleeps in peace."—"And Marie?" I asked, as the old pastor finished.

"Lived out a happy life," replied my venerable friend: "a chaste wife and loving mother."

Pretty Mrs. Graham.

BY M. D. B.

THAT is what I always call her, to this day, and, spite of all that's come and gone, it's her true title, for I do believe she was the prettiest creature I ever laid eyes on.

And she dressed with such exquisite taste, too, it set off her bright dark beauty so well, and she was such a dainty child-like little thing—why, even Dick couldn't help acknowledging her beauty, though he didn't take to her, from the first.

But I thought him wrong in that, much as I trusted to his judgment, for you see, Dick—well, Dick Fraser and my humble self have been betrothed for several years, and next spring, after Bessie marries, why, I am going to London to keep house with Dick.

But that isn't my story.

When our dear parents died they left Bessie and me this fine old-fashioned home, a good supply of solid, old-fashioned furniture and silver and household linen, a good old-fashioned servant who had lived with us since Bess was a baby, eighteen years ago, and very little ready money.

So, as we could not give up our home, or be parted, we looked about us for two or three good old-fashioned boarders who would stay with us all the year round, and be able to pay well for a good home.

Well, we found two, just what we wanted; Miss Burton, an elderly maiden lady, and Mrs. Wootton, a widow lady, who were glad to escape from the dust and noise of the city, and who were well able pay us good prices for our best rooms.

And this they did, only stipulating that we should not take other boarders, but all have a quiet home together.

So we were just a houseful of women, you see—not a man on the place, unless we except Tom, the half-grown boy who milked the cow and tended the garden and drove our little carriage for us.

We had plenty of applications from summer boarders, but we never took any until pretty Mrs. Graham came. It was a melting hot day, when a carriage brought her to our door, with a lively black-eyed little maid, and she begged so hard to be taken just for a month or two of the hottest weather, saying we looked so cool and delightful out there, and she dreaded the hotel so much, that it was hard to resist her.

Miss Burton was in the parlor when she called, and she was so fascinated by the little widow's loveliness and liveliness that she gave her consent to her coming at once.

So then we consulted Mrs. Wootton—you remember our agreement with them made it necessary—and she, too, was quite won over, and the result was that we made pretty Mrs. Graham an exception, and took her and her lively little maid, Jeannette, into our charmed household.

She took possession that very day, coming down with her three large trunks from town. She professed herself delighted with our fine old home and plentiful country fare, and she certainly delighted us with her beauty, and her bewitching ways, and her lovely toilettes, and her wonderful music. For she made the keys of Bessie's piano almost talk, and as Bessie herself was the only player among us, and she but an indifferent one, such a musician was a great treat.

Dick came down to take tea on Sunday, as he generally did, and then he met our new boarder.

After supper I asked him if he did not think her lovely.

"Yes, she is pretty—that can't be denied," he said slowly.

"Well, what fault can you find?" I said, seeing he held something back.

"None, perhaps; but I don't like her, and I wish you hadn't taken her, Mary. I believe she is a little adventuress, that's all."

"Why, Dick, her references were unexceptionable, and she is a member of St. John's Church and a teacher in the Sunday-school?"

"Is she? Well, I hope she's a good one," said Dick dryly, and there the subject dropped.

She had been with us about six weeks, when one Saturday afternoon I received from our business agents three hundred pounds, the proceeds of the interest in a coal-mine belonging to Bessie and me.

It was too late to take it to the bank, where our cash was deposited, and I, being half unwilling to keep so much money two nights in a lonely house full of women, felt strongly inclined to go over to the village, and deposited it there till Monday morning.

But on second thoughts I made up my mind that was nonsence—the afternoon was warm, I was busy, and the money would be safe enough in my own drawer.

So I counted the notes to be sure they were right, locked them in a little jewel-casket, and locked it in my desk. As I opened the door of my room to go downstairs, I met Jeannette, who said she was just going to knock. Mrs. Graham was going to walk over to the village—could she do anything for me? I thanked her, said I would be glad if she would call at the postoffice, and went my way to see about tea.

The next morning we all went to church except our servant, Emma, who remained at home to have dinner ready.

In the afternoon, Emma wished to go out, and as I did not like to leave the house to be quite alone, I remained at home myself. Having a slight headache, I lay down upon the sofa in the cool parlor and took quite a nap. I sprang up as soon as I awakened, and went upstairs to arrange my hair, meeting pretty Mrs. Graham coming down.

"I did not know you were at home," said I.

"I have this moment come in and taken off my hat," she said with a sweet smile, "and was coming down for a drink of ice water."

I heard her go into the parlor, where she sat for a long time playing grand old church music, and singing softly in tones so sweet that it made me think of heaven and angels' music.

Next morning, as we were gathering at the breakfast table, Miss Burton came in, pale and frightened, saying her room had been entered during the night by a burglar, and her watch and chain and all her valuable jewelry taken.

We all sprang up in consternation, and went to her room, where we found the window which opened upon the roof of a verandah partly raised, and the shutters pushed open, as if surely indicating the way the burglar had entered.

Miss Burton had sleept soundly and heard nothing, she said, but had noticed her window when she first woke, and upon searching, found all her jewels gone.

"We might all have been murdered in our beds!" cried Mrs. Wootton, pale and trembling, while pretty Mrs. Graham fell to crying like a child, declaring she would not dare to stay another night under a roof where there was no man in the house.

"Did any of the rest lose anything?" asked Bessie.

"I haven't noticed in my room," said Mrs. Wootton; "let us all go and look.

And to our rooms we went, I opening my bureau with a sinking heart. It was as I feared—my casket, which had only contained the money, was gone!

Some unaccountable impulse prompted me to conceal my loss from the rest, when I joined them again, and I hardly noticed that pretty Mrs. Graham stopped crying and looked queerly at me, when I reported that my things were all right.

And then she fell to sobbing again saying hers were all right, too, but she never doubted that it would be her turn next, and she dared not stay there another night.

Mrs. Wootton reported that every article of jewelry and all the money she had in her purse were gone, and Bessie said the same.

This was a serious case, and we were at a loss what to do. I said I should inform the village inspector and then go up to town and consult Mr. Fraser and a lawyer and I begged them to do nothing till I come back.

They all promised, but pretty Mrs. Graham said I must be sure to come back before night, for she knew she was a dreadful little coward, but she must go over to the village and stay at the hotel for a few nights. She would only take Jeannette and a little satchel, and when we got all quiet again she would come back.

I was not willing she should go, but I thought she would get over her fright by evening and stay, so I only asked her if I could do any errands in the city for her.

She said no—then yes, if I would be so kind I might stop at Welling's and match a piece of lace for her—she wanted five yards more—it was five shillings a yard—and she gave me twenty-five shillings to pay for it.

It seemed to me that trains went at snail's pace that morning, but at last I was in Dick's office.

"Um—um—yes, to be sure!" said Dick, stroking his moustache with a thoughtful air. "Very bad, Mary! Very bad! And your pretty little widow is the only one who wants to leave, you say?"

"Yes. And I don't want any one to leave with such a stain on our house, Dick."

"By all means keep your pretty widow till I come down with an officer and search her trunks."

"Neither mad nor deluded, my dear little woman," said Dick coolly. "But I have a little theory about this thing, Mary, and if you will let me work it out I may help you. I must have my own way, though. Got errands to do this morning?"

I was too worried to attend to any shopping for myself, but I remembered pretty Mrs. Graham's lace, and answered, "Yes, one."

"Well, go and do it, and then come back here, will you? I think I'll have a plan perfected by that time."

I went to Welling's, stopped at the lace counter, and held out the scrap pretty Mrs. Graham had given me.

"Can you match this?" I asked of the polite shopman who stepped up. "I wish to purchase some more of it."

He took the bit of lace, and I noticed a queer look come over his face. I also saw two or three of the young men draw near and eye me curiously, and I began to feel embarrassed.

"I don't know," said the shopman slowly. "Mr. Jones, ask Mr. Welling to step this way."

The young man addressed hurried away, and in a moment the gentleman named came up, which was a relief to me, for I saw something was wrong, and I knew him well, as he was an old friend of my father's.

"This is a bad business, and requires explanation Miss Mary," he said. "A week ago a lady exactly answering the description you give of Mrs. Graham, came here and bought twenty yards of this lace. After she was gone it was discovered that the money she paid was bad. We have been trying to trace this lady ever since, but had not the least clue till now. What do you think?"

"I think," I tremblingly said, "that I must tell you the bad business at our house last night, which brought me to town to-day."

So I told him my story, and then he went with me to Dick's office. And when I went home, I knew all I had to do.

I told Mrs Graham that I could not find any more of the lace, and returned her money.

As I had planned, Dick came by the six o'clock train, and we were all at tea when Emma came in with the quiet announcement:

"Mr. Fraser is in the parlor, ma'am."

I excused myself a moment, and hastening to the parlor found Dick and a detective.

We hurried quietly upstairs—I was so glad Jeannette was out of the way—and into pretty Mrs. Graham's room. One of her trunks was gone, but her hat and shawl lay upon the bed, and under the pillow we found her handsome Russia leather hand-bag.

Mr. Detective made short work of opening that bag, and lo! he had no need to look farther! There we found all Miss Burton's jewelry, all that belonged to Bessie and Mrs. Wootton, and my lost money, besides a bunch of skeleton keys. And then his course was plain, and before I hardly knew what had happened, we had astonished the group at the supper table, and pretty Mrs. Graham was a prisoner.

Afterwards we found proof enough that her work was done on Sunday afternoon, while I lay asleep in the parlor, and the window opened at night by her lively maid Jeannette, to throw suspicion aside.

But we never heard any more either of pretty Mrs. Graham or of Jeannette.

Both, no doubt got their deserts, for Mr. Welling prosecuted, though I refused to do so.

It is interesting to recall behind what titles some of the travelling monarchs hide their names. The Queen travels under the name of the Countess of Balmoral; the Empress Eugenie as Countess of Pierrepondi; Prince Napoleon as Count de Moncalieri; the Prince of Wales as Earl of Chester; the King of Naples as Duke de Castro; the Queen of Spain as Countess of Toledo, and the Empress of Austria as Countess Hohenembs.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Brazil, with 3,210,000 square miles and 14,000,000 people, is the United States of South America. Her foreign trade is now $315,000,000, about equally divided between exports and imports. England sells Brazil $47,000,000 worth of goods annually, and buys only $5,000,000. The United States last year took from Brazil $83,233,456 worth of coffee, rubber, sugar, hides and skins. We sold to Brazil $14,710,855 worth of our products, but this is double the amount sold four years ago.

A Bainbridge, Ga., paper tells of a loggerhead turtle that drowned a cow. The cow had gone to a stream to drink, when the loggerhead seized her by the nose and held her head under water until she was suffocated. A bull dog isn't "in it" for grip when the loggerhead is around. The toe of a South Jersey farmer was once seized by the amputated head of a loggerhead that had been lying by the woodpile all night, and its jaws had to be pried asunder before the toe could be released.

It will be remembered that an explosion took place under the portico of the Palazzo Massimo, in Rome, on April 30. In reference to this the "Messagero" has published the following letter from Prince Massimo: "I notice in this morning's issue of your journal that the explosion which took place under the portico of my palace terrified my family. I beg to inform you that those who have in their veins the blood of the Fabii and of the house of Savoy know neither terror nor fear." The Roman Fabian has evidently as good an opinion of himself as the London variety.

The practice of burying pearls with the dead must have been, if it is not at present, very common, as Chinese ingenuity has been exercised in devising methods for restoring the lustre of those found in tombs. The following directions are from a Handbook of Arts, for removing the discoloration occasioned by gaseous emanations of decomposing bodies: "Take the watery extract of Yih Wing grass and some roasted wheat; put them with the stained pearls in a silken bag, and work them in the hands until the white color is restored."

While women are bewailing their restriction to one of the most inconvenient of pockets there comes from Vienna the story of Miss Pope and her pockets. She taught school at too great a distance from her home to take her meals there, accordingly she built around the hem of her dress a series of pockets. In one she carried her lunch, in another her dinner; the remaining pockets held her knife, fork, spoon, salt-cellar, pepper mill, a small plate, a napkin, a towel and some bottles of medicine. Thus equipped Miss Pope made her daily rounds for many years, mistress of herself, dependent on nobody.

The field of the "aging" industry is extending. Until recently it was confined to works of art—making "old masters" out of the daubs of young apprentices. A few years ago the brewers took up the idea and adopted processes for making beer three months old in a few days—to the great advantage of the producer and the disgust of the critical consumer. The latest movement in this direction is that of the "Scientific Tone Perfecting Company," which has an establishment in Indianapolis at which a brand-new violin is made three or four centuries old (in tone) in two weeks. The man who has a "genuine Stradivarius" to sell at a fancy price (and his name is legion) had better hurry in out of the rain.

A miner operating on Table creek, Idaho, for some time past has missed a great deal of rich amalgam from his sluice boxes. He determined to keep watch for the thief, and several nights ago he saw a calf nibbling grass near the boxes, often reaching over the rim and drinking the water that flowed over the riffler. He, however paid no attention to the animal. The theft of amalgam still continued, and a few nights ago, when the calf appeared, he shot it. He ran to where the calf was lying, and saw a human leg, with the foot wrapped in sacks, protruding from the animal's stomach. It took him but a second to realize that he had shot the thief, who had been cleverly disguised as a calf. The miner took the culprit to camp, and, much to his surprise, he discovered that the thief was a young woman.

WHEN is a clock like a discontented workman?—When it strikes.

Our Young Folks.

"SHARKS."

BY R. R.

"WELL, I'll pay Sydney Harold out, you see if I don't," Vincent Wellwood exclaimed.

"What for?" Jack Farquhar asked.

"Why, I asked him this morning to help me with my Latin. He knew I didn't know it, and he wouldn't tell me a word. And you saw how grumpy the Doctor was about it in class to-day. And now he's given me fifty lines to write out. I think it was awfully mean of Syd. But I'll pay him out for it yet!"

"Why, he's always been your greatest chum, and I don't think you ought to have a row with him now," Jack Farquhar said. "He's often helped you with your Latin before. You oughtn't to forget that."

"I've done lots of things for him out of school, if he has sometimes helped me in class. No, it was horribly shabby of him. It will take me all this afternoon writing out those lines."

It did keep Vincent Wellwood indoors all the time from four o'clock, when school was dismissed, till tea-time, writing out his imposition; and when he had finished it he was more angry and bitter at heart against his friend than ever.

It was kite-flying season at Willoughby House, and we were all very busy in this pastime. There were plenty of open fields in the neighborhood of the school where we could fly our kites. About a mile off lay a large lagoon, as a small lake is called in Australia. At one end the lagoon had at entrance through a narrow channel to the ocean.

Sydney Harold had just finished a splendid new kite. He was particularly clever at making them, and this one was the largest and finest he had ever constructed. It was four feet in length, was made of strong calico, gaily painted, and it had its name, "The Falcon," emblazoned across it in gold letters.

Sydney Harold was going to try his new kite for the first time this afternoon, and several of us intended watching how the Falcon was going to conduct herself. Among us was Vincent Wellwood. When we reached the fields Jack Farquhar and I offered to hoist the Falcon for Sydney.

The Falcon rose into the air straight and swift as the bird she was named after. Up she went into the blue bright sky, her long tail streaming like a meteor behind her; and we gave her a loud cheer as she soared heavenward. Each of us in turn held the kite for a little. How she did pull to be sure! And every boy knows the delightful feeling it is to have a big kite tugging steadily at her string like a ship at her cable.

Presently Vincent Wellwood held the kite for the second time. He had had it about five minutes in his hand when, snap! snap! there was a sudden cracking sound and the next moment the cord broke and the Falcon was careering through the air free and unfettered. We all rose with a cry.

"I thought your string wasn't strong enough, Syd," Vincent said, in what seemed a rather cool tone, "She was pulling like a balloon."

The Falcon bore away over the fields in the direction of the lagoon, and we followed at full speed.

"If it falls into the lagoon it's done for," Sydney said.

A run of about ten minutes brought us to the sandy beach that bordered the lagoon. Towards the eastern end of the lake, where it entered the sea, there was a small flat island covered with reeds and low scrub. As we reached the beach we saw the Falcon descending over the lagoon just above the island. In a few minutes more the kite fell and caught in the bushes. We could see her quite plainly, her long tail straggling among the scrub.

"She's safe, at any rate," Sydney said "though she may be a little damaged. I'll go across and get her. It's an easy swim."

"But you know, Sydney, the Doctor has forbidden us to swim in the lagoon because of the sharks."

"I'll risk it for once. There aren't really many sharks in the lagoon, but the Doctor of course, thinks it best to be careful. I must get my kite again."

We tried hard to dissuade him from going.

"It's high tide, Sydney, and sharks really have been seen in the lagoon."

But his heart was set on recovering his kite, and nothing that we could say was of any avail. He was presently wading out into the water down the shallow beach and then swimming.

We watched him reach the island and begin to disentangle the kite from the bushes. It took him only a minute or two to do this, and then he waded out into the water again. As soon as it got beyond his depth and he had to swim, he held the kite above the surface in his left hand and swam with his right. In this way, with only one arm free, Sydney's progress back was rather slow.

Still he came steadily on and seemed to be keeping the kite well out of the water, though its tail was half submerged.

When he was about mid-way across, he gave a sudden sharp cry and stopped. Then we saw the kite fall from his hand into the water, and saw too that he was now using both arms for swimming. Another cry came from him and now we heard the word "cramp."

"He's caught the cramp," Vincent Wellwood cried hurriedly, and as he spoke, began flinging off his clothes. "I'll go and help him. I'm the best swimmer here. I can easily manage it, he's not far out now."

Vincent wasn't two minutes in getting his clothes off. He struck out towards Sydney Harold with his greatest energy.

We saw him reach his side and the two now came on slowly together towards the shore.

Vincent seemed to be managing his task successfully, and we judged that Sydney had only got the cramp in one foot and was still able to use his arms and one leg. They were within twenty yards of shallow water, when I beheld a horrid sight some distance behind them. It was the fin of some large fish appearing and disappearing on the surface of the water. All the others now saw it, and the same startled cry rose to the lips of all—"Sharks!"

Both the boys had evidently heard us, for we saw them turn their heads. Then they came on a little faster, but we could see that they were both already tired and that no amount of pluck or energy could advance them more quickly than they were already coming. Would they reach the shore in time? Our hearts seemed to stand still as we waited motionless and dumb with horror watching this strange race.

The terrible fin was still a good way off, but was drawing closer and closer every second. It flashed a moment above the surface in the sunlight, then sank, then rose again. It seemed to come on faster and faster, the boys slower and slower.

But at last, after some moments of the most dreadful suspense, we saw that the boys had touched bottom. They were now wading, and coming fast up the shallows. They were safe, they were safe! We all rushed in a body with our clothes on into the water, caught Sydney and Vincent in our arms, and literally dragged them to land.

When they were both safe and sound on the beach, we all looked round with a sort of unanimous impulse in the direction of the shark. And now an extraordinary thing happened, but a thing that not unfrequently does happen in Australia. In the eagerness and savageness of its pursuit, the shark had followed the two boys right up into the shallows, into water where it was no longer able to swim. The tide rolled it farther up still, and now we beheld it wallowing on the sand, a helpless, ugly, lubberly mass, more than half out of the water, its white breast shining, and its horrid teeth gleaming in the sunlight.

We helped Sydney to dress, and now that he was out of the water and warm again, the attack of cramp disappeared. We hurried back to the school, found the gardener, and told him what had happened. He immediately returned with us to the lagoon, armed with a fowling-piece. There the shark still lay, wallowing and helpless and a couple of well-aimed shots in the head dispatched him. And then we drew the ugly looking monster high and dry on the beach.

That same night, Vincent Wellwood said to Sydney Harrold—

"Syd, I want to make a confession to you. I cut your kite-string. I had a kite-cutter hidden in my hand, which none of you fellows saw. I cut the string. It was horribly mean, but now I've told you."

"Well, Vinny," Sydney replied, "if you had served me ten times worse a trick, you've made up for it. We will be better chums than ever, after to-day."

IN CHINA.—"They have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels. "Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness. "Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit into a large mortar, and then fired him head foremost against a stone wall."

GIRLS OF OTHER LANDS AT WORK.—The theory that girls exist merely as lay figures to display fine drapery and to look pretty, is not entertained among half-civilized or savage tribes or nations.

The eccentric notion still prevails throughout Asia, Africa, and in some parts of Europe and America, that they were born to labor.

In Turkestan and on the Tartar Steppes the Kirghese sultanas and their daughters, and princesses in whose veins flows the blood of long lines of kings, still milk the sheep, cows, and goats, and perform the menial offices of the household, as the Sanscrit maidens did six thousand years ago in the same localities. They cook, take care of the younger children, make garments, cure the skins of wild fowl with the feathers on for caps, spin cotton, weave cloth, and tan leather by means of sour milk. In this delectable region the mother wears rich attire, while the daughter goes in humbler dress, like Cinderella. If there is a piano, the mother plays on it in the front room of the tent, while the daughter brews the koumiss, stews the mutton, and broils the camel chops in the back kitchen. This is the benighted condition of patriarchal people, who adhere to a nearly obsolete theory of filial duty.

Similar ideas prevail throughout India, China, and among the native tribes of Siberia, who have been driven northward by aggressive neighbors. The Turgasian girls gather the snow, melt it, make the tea and the fish-soup, sew, and being very skillful in archery, help to keep the larder supplied with game. The Yakut and Samoyede maidens, and all those who dwell along the Arctic ocean, help in summer to lay up winter supplies, and in winter to perform all necessary domestic duties. The Abyssinian girl grinds corn in the simple mills in use in that country. The Caffre girl weaves baskets and draws water. The girls in other parts of the Dark Continent pulverize the grain, weave mats, make earthen vessels, and are the hatters of their tribes.

The theories of the tribes and nations of Asia and Africa are shared by the Indians of North America, who compel the young girls to learn the duties and hardships of life at an early age.

DOGS AS MILITARY HEROES.—Apropos of the recent movement for having a regularly trained corps of dogs attached to the French army for duty as skirmishers and pickets, a Paris paper has published an interesting list of dogs that have distinguished themselves in war.

For instance, there was Bob, of the Grenadiers, which went through the Crimean campaign, with that gallant corps; and also whitepaw Patte Blanche, a brave French ally of Bob, that was present during the same campaign of the One Hundred and Sixteenth of the line, and was wounded in defending the flag.

Another, Moustache, was entered on the strength of his regiment as entitled to a Grenadier's rations. The barber of his company had orders to clip and comb him once a week. This gallant animal received a bayonet thrust at Marengo, and recovered a flag at Austerlitz. Marshal Lannes had Moustache decorated with a medal attached to his neck by a red ribbon.

A dog known as Corps de Garde followed a soldier to Marengo, was wounded at Austerlitz, and perished in the retreat from Russia. The Sixth of the guard had a military mastiff named Misere, which wore three white stripes sewn on his black hair. We have also to name Pompon of the Forty-eighth Bedouins, the best sentry of the baggage train; Loutonte, a Crimean heroine; Mitraille killed at Inkerman by a shell; Medino, that saved his master in Russia, but was lost or lost himself, but found his way alone from Moscow to Milan, his first dwelling place.

The most remarkable, however, was the last, an English harrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy, and we are seriously told "remained alone by a field piece after the death of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touchhole of the cannon, and thus killed seventy soldiers;" and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George I. and rewarded with an alimentary pension.

A NEWPORT paper has discovered a new use for newspapers—to trap burglars. Spread out loosely in the hall of a house, on the stairs, on the handrail and in various other places, they make it impossible for an intruder to move about without causing a rustling likely to attract the attention of even a heavy sleeper.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Japan has a species of radish ten feet in length.

A good camel will travel one hundred miles a day for ten days.

During the year 1891, 4207 vessels passed through the Suez Canal, and of those only 26 carried the American flag.

A new religious sect has been established in Virginia by a negro named Nathaniel Brown, which he calls the "No Meat Eaters."

An Indian, who killed a squaw at Kyoquot, B. C., gave the tribe an Indian girl to replace the one he killed, and this has evidently been mutually agreeable.

Several large bankers and manufacturers in Vienna have announced that they will prohibit all their employes from going to the races during the coming season.

Miss Irene S. Wood, of Cochessett, Me., has taught, without interruption, in the same school room in that village for 72 consecutive terms. She is now taking a vacation.

The mortality of the clergy of the English Established Church has, according to a high authority, fallen greatly since they began to be total abstainers in such large numbers.

The telephone has been successfully used in surgery to locate the position of metallic substances in the body, thus enabling an operation to be performed in the right direction at once.

It has just been learned that George Harper and Miss Mary Ireland, of Mishawaka, Ind., were married 25 years ago. They lived with the latter's parents, who knew it, but kept the secret.

The stockmen of South Dakota have recently imported from Tennessee a number of Russian wolf hounds to help in the extermination of wolves, which have of late been killing numbers of calves and colts.

Rural New Yorkers are forming "Anti-Gossip Clubs." In the name of Mrs. Grundy, what will the members do to pass the time in the club rooms? Will they drink in silence and get ingloriously full without exhilaration?

What is claimed to be the plough which General Putnam left in the furrow, up in Connecticut, when he rushed to the defence of his country 116 years ago, is exhibited in front of a hardware store in Danielsonville, Conn.

There are two water companies in Denver, Col. War was declared between them recently and each began cutting rates, until now one company has announced that, until further notice, it will supply the public free of charge.

Selectman Byron Brownson, of Ansonia, Conn., has two remarkable eggs. One measures seven inches around the longest way and the other one and three-fourths inches. Both, it is claimed, were laid by the same hen on the same day.

In 1871 a man in Auburn, Me., deposited $200 in a savings bank, and, as he was growing old, forgot all about it. One of his relatives learned of the deposit lately and the forgetful old man was agreeably surprised to find that his $200 had increased to $600.

Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during the fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets encased in lead. The British preserved many as curiosities.

There is now playing in Paris a Russian horn band, each horn being capable of producing a single note only. So perfect is the training that the band produces the effect of one equipped with ordinary instruments, and even running scales with the rapidity and precision of a violin.

A Mr. Hope, of Missouri, and Miss McLester, of Cuthbert, Ga., were married at Dawson, Ga., the other night. This couple had never met before, but had become enamored of each other through the medium of the mails, and Mr Hope came to Georgia for his bride, who will return with him to his far distant home.

A Frenchman undertook some time ago to write a book upon his travels through the land of Goethe. This is the way he began: "Germany is a country inhabited by a people called Muller." Now, it turns out, according to official figures, that the empire of William II. has 620,987 Mullers within its borders; that is to say, one Muller for every 73 Germans.

Bloodhounds placed on the trail of the burglars of Hall's grocery, at Medora, Ind., rounded up at the door of a man four miles away, who has heretofore been under suspicion, and while there may not be evidence sufficient to convict, the people are satisfied with the work of the dogs, and hereafter they will remain a feature of the enforcement of the law in Jackson county.

A New York paper reports another infant industry. It says that several American and German doctors are making fortunes in Japan by straightening the slants in the eyes of the natives. They have been more fortunate, then, than was the Peruvian surgeon who tried several years ago to induce Parisian ladies to submit to the amputation of their little toes in order to give their feet the graceful slenderness for which those of his own countrywomen are famed.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

BY G. B. STUART.

What will there be when my ship comes home,
When my ship comes home in the morning?
Top o' the tide o'er the crest of foam,
Danger and distance scorning.

Oh, there'll be crowns for the lads to spend,
And rings for the girls' adorning,
And there'll be a gift for every friend—
When my ship comes home in the morning!

What will there be when my ship comes home,
When my ship comes home at even?
Over the spur of the reef's sharp comb,
Under the darkening Heaven!

Oh, there'll be a treasure for me, aboard,
Won safe through dangers seven;
Golden heart of lover and lord—
When my ship comes home at even!

CURIOSITIES OF EPITAPHS.

During the whole of last century, epitaph-making seems to have been the special and favorite vocation of doggerel-mongers, and doubtless it was so as far back as people had the small amount of education necessary to compose such lines as the following, which, according to a newspaper of 1838, were then to be seen at Liverpool:

This humble stone is raised to Julian Tree,
Who in 1776 died in direst poverty:
Unloved by daughter, wife, or friend,
He went his way unto the end.—R. I. P.

In the same place was another, shorter and more pithy, and expressing a truism which is too well known to be worth commemoration in distich-form, but which, perhaps for that very reason, was in special demand with the epitaph-makers of the last century:

In Memory of James Brown.
"All men must die," and so did he
Who lies beneath—in 1703.

The inscription on one Samuel Hearne and his wife is told in smoother verse—it it can be dignified by any such name—but its tone is much the same as the above. It runs:

Samuel Hearne, a man was he,
Who lived through youth and age to be
Full ninety years of age and more,
Before he died in 1804.
His wife survived him many a day,
In '21 being called away;
And now they here together rest
And moulder into silent dust.

Of inscriptions which have never really served as such we have a good instance in the story of a potter and an itinerant musician, who, meeting at a country inn and discussing epitaphs, proposed that each should furnish one for the other. The musician, after some deliberation, produced the following for the potter:

On earth he oft turned clay to delf.
But now he's turned to clay himself.

The potter followed suit with this for the musician:

In beating time his life was passed,
But time has beaten him at last.

Like these, as far as its purpose is foreign to that for which epitaphs are generally supposed to be written, is the one which, according to a New York paper, is to be seen in one of our graveyards:

Here will lie Mr. James Jones; at present he lives and carries on his shoe business at 150 Franklin Street.

Somewhat similar, and even more distinctively transatlantic, is our next, for the authenticity of which, however, we do not vouch:

This stone is erected to the memory of Thomas Laing, who died on July 13, 1880, by his son Ulysses G. Laing, who now carries on his business with the same public-spirited enterprise at the Bonanza Cyclopean Stores, Bond Street; see advertisements in the daily papers.

This reminds us of a Parisian inscription which, freely translated runs:

To the everlasting memory of Marie Ferry.
The railing around this grave is the handiwork of her bereaved husband, Pierre Ferry, Blacksmith, who will execute all orders of a similar nature with cheapness and despatch.

A slight confusion of meaning is discernible in another inscription, bearing a scriptural text, which may be seen in the cemetery at Peshawur, India. It is only charitable to suppose that it was drawn up by others than the deceased's professional brethren:

Sacred to the Memory of the Rev.——, Missionary, murdered by his chokidar.—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Scarcely less malapropos is the oft-quoted epitaph on husband and wife:

Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife.—"Their warfare is accomplished."

And in a sequestered Californian burial-ground, far from the haunts of men, a stone was recently discovered, bearing the simple explanation:

To Samuel Constable.
"After life's scarlet fever, he sleeps well."

The following on Lem. S. Frame commemorates certain qualities:

To Lem. S. Frame who during his life shot eighty-nine Indians, whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hook's Ferry, March 27, 1813. He was married thrice, and had fifteen sons and daughters, all of whom are now alive. After the strifes and cares of this world, may he rest in peace.

Another, which belongs to a Nevada burying-place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fitly conclude our compilation of a few of the curiosities of epitaph literature:

Sacred to the Memory of Hank Monk—the Whitest, Biggest-hearted, and Best-known Stage-driver of the West; who was kind to All and Thought Ill of None. He Lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero; and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets.

A FAMOUS SLOVEN.—On one of the earliest days of the Long Parliament, Cromwell delivered a speech on behalf of a man who had been sent to prison for circulating a publication in which the Queen, Henrietta Maria, was taken to task for that she was fond of dancing and other innocent enough amusements. Cromwell attracted much notice on this occasion, because of the fervor and rugged earnestness of his speech, and the exceeding plainness of his black dress, which seemed as if it had been made by an "ill country tailor." Lord Digby meeting the great John Hampden in the lobby, asked "Who is that sloven that spoke to-day? I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly." "That 'sloven,'" answered Hampden, "hath no ornament of speech. But if we should ever come to any breach with our king—which God forbid—that 'sloven' will be the greatest man in England."

Grains of Gold.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.

Grace is the beauty of form under the influence of freedom.

Either keep silence, or speak something better than silence.

If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

Dress plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

Nobody takes reproof so kindly as he that deserves most to be commended.

Nature hangs labels upon the dissolute, to testify her disgust at the example.

The most valuable part of a man's education is that which he receives from himself.

By trying to kill calumny, it is kept alive; leave it to itself, and it will die a natural death.

In business, as in statesmanship, to think and to act form the basis of fortune and success.

Riches amassed in haste will diminish; but those collected by hand and little by little will multiply.

It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or a flower garden.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the plumes of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

A generous mind always seeks to impart its joy to another, as the bee transfers its store of honey to the first it meets.

These six—the peevish, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious; and those who live upon others' means—are for ever unhappy.

The sweetest and most satisfactory connections in life are those formed between persons of congenial minds, equally linked together by the conformity of their virtues, and by the ties of esteem.

Femininities.

Japan women load vessels.

Weep for love, but never for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.

Women are wedded to fashion, and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully.

"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after 13 years' courtship.

A young man called his sweetheart "rare opportunity," because she is worthy of being embraced.

The man who courted an investigation says it isn't half as good as courting an affectionate girl.

Poor little Tom Harduppe says he always gives Mrs. H. her own way, because it is the only thing he has to give her.

Stains of fruit, walnuts, ink, etc., may be removed by immersing the hands in vinegar and water, or by rubbing them with a piece of pumice-stone.

Clara, patronizingly: "It is a good plan for a person in society to try, at least, to look wise." Debutante: "True. But don't you sometimes find it hard to do so?"

The Princess of Wales much affects lilies of the valley in her home decoration, and the Sandringham dinner table is rarely set without the use of these quiet flowers.

"Do you consider this piano any more reliable than the others because it's upright?" inquired the caller. "No, sir," answered the dealer; "these others are perfectly square."

Ethel: "I never knew until yesterday what a good young man Mr. Simpson is. I had a long chat with him last night." Edith: "How did you learn he was a good man?" "Oh, he told me so."

It is said that the Russian ladies of the present age are becoming frightfully addicted to the vice of gambling; and "plunge" to such an extent that whole fortunes are staked and lost in a single evening.

It must have exasperated Mother Eve exceedingly not to be able to hold up a small pool in front of her when she stood with her back to a lake and tried to see if her hair was properly done up behind.

A well-known prima donna says that sleep is the best tonic for a singer's voice. Marie Rose says a well-regulated diet and the avoidance of pastry, pickles and wine will preserve the vocal organs.

He, trembling: "I have one last favor to ask you before we part in anger for ever!" She, sobbingly: "Wha-what is it, Willie?" He: "Wi-will you meet me next Th-Thursday as u-usual?" She: "I wi-will, Willie."

Mary E. McComas, colored, was admitted to the Baltimore City Hospital a few weeks ago. At that time she weighed 250 pounds. She died recently, when her weight was then 400 pounds. It required twelve men to move her.

The wife of a candidate for Congress is collecting for her scrap-book the press notices of her husband. She will find out more about him in this way than she could in any other, and will pretty soon be wondering how she could ever have married such a man.

Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of President Buchanan, and Mrs. Betty Taylor Dandridge, daughter of President Taylor, are the only survivors of the long line of distinguished women who presided over the White House previous to General Grant's incumbency.

"A millionaire in his private yacht suffers more from seasickness than the poor man in a big ocean steamer," says a New England philosopher. True, too true. And the millionaire's trousers are pushed out of shape by his bulging pockets. The poor man's set beautifully.

"Did you destroy this feather duster?" asked Freddie's mother. "Yes'm," answered Freddie; "I wanted to be an Indian chief." "But don't you know that feather dusters cost money?" queried his mother. "I did," said Freddie; "but Indian chiefs don't think of such things."

A young gentleman paid his addresses to a young lady, by whose mother he was unfavorably received. "How hard," said he to the young lady, "to separate those whom love has united!" "Very hard, indeed," replied she with great innocence, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck; "and so mother will find it."

The story goes that a bedquilt composed of 13,000 patches was sold recently for $1.25 at a "vendoo." The patches must have been very small or the quilt very large; but there is no telling the limit of patience of old-fashioned country ladies in such work. Fortunately the lady in this case was dead before it was shown that her work was valued at the rate of about one cent a day.

"Oh, yes," said the eldest Miss Culture, the other evening, "I breakfasted yesterday with Mrs. Brainweight, and we enjoyed a delicious repast—excellent coffee, superior bread, and piscatorial globes, done admirably." "What?" asked her friend. "Piscatorial globes," repeated the maiden. "And what under the sun are they?" "I believe," said Miss Culture, drawing herself up stiffly, "I believe uncultured people call them fish-balls."

Masculinities.

After all, a man cannot contract a bad habit too much.

It is hard to agree with a man who quarrels with himself.

Love never looks at the clock before it takes off its coat to go to work.

The man who sets too high a value on his abilities rarely becomes a man of worth.

There are some men so cautious about taking risks that they will not even hazard a remark.

The reason a dog can look so knowing is because he can't say anything to spoil the effect.

If you don't want your boy to turn out bad, don't bear down too hard on the grindstone.

Every man has the impulse to be heroic when he is reading of danger thousands of miles away.

A model surgical operation—To take the cheek out of a young man, and the jaw out of a woman.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance.

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least enviable of all kinds of waiting maids.

"Why do you always hire young men who have just been graduated from college?" "Because they know everything."

A woman is more considerate in affairs of love than a man; because love is more the study and business of her life.

Some men will spend more time in demonstrating why they should not do a thing than it would take them to do it twice over.

It is one of the characters of a good man to dispense liberally, and enjoy abstemiously; the good he knows he may lose, and must leave.

Those who would enjoy good eating should keep good-natured; an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrella.

Toots: "Soak was arrested last night for impersonating an officer." Tanks: "What did he do?" "Rapped at a side entrance and drank the beer they shoved out."

It is said that the superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum says that the excitement while engaged in a game of base ball has cured several patients.

In the time of George III. it was the fashion for all the great Court ladies to take snuff. We read that Queen Charlotte herself was most particular as to the quality of her snuff.

In the Fresh-Air-Cure district. Farmer, to his wife, while receiving a seeker after summer quarters: "Open the window, old woman, and let the climate in for the gentleman."

"My son," said old Precept, "don't take to writing poetry. When I was young like you I was smitten with a beautiful creature and wrote her a poem. I never saw her again."

The Scandinavians had a god, Kvasir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not find any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him.

"Mr. Smith," said a little fellow the other evening to his sister's beau, "I wish you wouldn't praise our Anna Maria any more. You have made her so proud now that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

"Does your husband get much pleasure reading his books, Mrs. Higley?" "Well, no. You see, he buys such expensive ones he has to work all the time to pay for them, and has no time for reading," returned the wife of the bibliomaniac.

A work by Liebig has just appeared, with the title, "The Natural Laws of Husbandry." Mrs. Smith says they could be contained in a much smaller space. She asserts that the natural laws of husbandry are, "Not to stop out late, and never to grumble at cold meat."

Italian papers tell of a Neapolitan nobleman who fought fourteen duels during his lifetime in defense of his assertion that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. As he lay on his deathbed he took pleasure in acknowledging that he had never read the works of either writer.

Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, who have provided a hall and piano for the recreation of their employes, have engaged two teachers of gymnastics and have formed two classes of 100 young women each, who are by turns relieved from duty between 5 and 6 o'clock for exercise.

Dr. Abernethy, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," said he, "I owe you much, for you confer great favors upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in our carriages; without your assistance we should go on foot and be starved.

OF BRONCHOS.

EVERY person in the West is familiar with the word Broncho and its meaning; even the uneducated cowboy will tell you a 'Broncho' is a wild horse. Webster derives the word from the Spanish 'bronco,' rough, wild.

Whether these horses are of Spanish origin, such as are found on the prairies of Texas and Mexico, or the result of breeding between the Indian ponies and well-bred horses, such as roam in immense herds in California, Oregon, Washington, and Montana; it makes no difference, for these animals in their wild state are all properly called bronchos.

Neither size nor build has anything to do with the name, for there are bronchos large enough to be used as stage and draught horses, as well as those smaller ponies used by the cowboys to run cattle with.

The generally prevailing idea, except amongst those who work with them is, that a broncho must necessarily be a small vicious pony, only fitted for the cattle-camp; but such in reality is not the case, for in many of the herds in the northern Territories where attention has been given to breeding, large well-built powerful horses can be found which would never be recognized, after they are broken, as half-breeds, except for the brand of the owner of the herd burnt on the animal's hip or shoulder.

The bronchos of the South are easily recognized from those bred in the North, by their smaller size and slighter build, as well as by the brands. Especially is the latter feature noticeable, because, as a rule, the Texan or Mexican owner brands with Spanish characters, and often covers the whole hip and shoulder with deep-burnt scars, which have more the appearance of the map of some uncivilized country, and are wholly unintelligible to residents of the North.

As they differ in size and build, so do they differ in disposition. Here is where blood tells; and while the southern broncho represents in a marked degree the disposition of the Greaser(low-type Mexican) and Indian, the northern specimen mirrors the more trustworthy and substantial qualities possessed by the miner, lumberman, and farmer.

The broncho of Spanish origin as a rule is never thoroughly broken,no matter how old he grows or how hard he is ridden; a short rest is all that is necessary for his untamable and often vicious spirit to assert itself.

Many an old cow-pony which has been ridden for years will invariably buck every time he is mounted. That bucking is peculiar to bronchos; and from personal observation, I have discovered that the southern-bred is entitled to the distinction of being able to buck harder, faster, and with more variations, as it were, than its northern cousin.

He can arch his back higher, get his nose nearer the ground, at the same time that his body is in the air,and strike the ground with all four feet nearer in one place than any of his half-bred cousins of the North ever thought of doing. While as a general rule the northern broncho never bucks after he is fairly well broken, his Spanish cousin as a general rule bucks both before he is broken and afterwards.

Until breeders commenced raising this class of horses in the North, only one means was ever used to break them. The idea that a Spanish broncho could be better broken by care and kindness never entered the heads of the 'vacqueros,' as the riders of wild-horses are called in the South.

The lasso was used to catch the animal wanted, and at once it was thrown, blindfolded, and a saddle girthed on its back; then without a moment's delay, the vacquero mounted, drew the folds from the frightened and maddened animal's eyes, and drove the big spurs deep into its sides.

The fight for mastery was thus inaugurated, and a regular bucking entertainment commenced. The rider's main object was to get the horse to running, instead of making a series of high jumps and alighting almost on the same spot each time with nose to the ground and all four feet as nearly close together as it is possible to place them.

Usually, you may consider your broncho conquered if you can get it to run; but otherwise, it may conquer the most accomplished and daring vacquero, because the continued force of the beast's striking the ground will after a while cause blood to flow from nose, mouth and ears; indeed, men have been bucked to death by a particularly vicious broncho.

After it is conquered, then it is considered broken, for but little attention is paid to teaching it to respond to the bit; that, it is expected to learn by practical experience. But as the breeding of the broncho with graded horses has demonstrated that it improves in size and build and general disposition, even though its untamable wildness is apparently as strongly defined, the idea that more civilized methods should be adopted in breaking it for service has forced itself into men's mind, so that it is no rare sight to see a broncho caught from the herd and subjected to the restraints of a bitting harness and gradually taught with care and kindness, what is required of it.

Of course, such a method is looked on with contempt by the vacqueros, who usually are of nearly as wild and untamable a nature as the animals they risk their lives in conquering.

Indian ponies are really not entitled to the name of broncho, because they are never in a wild state; from the time they are foaled, the squaw and children handle them; indeed, most of the young colts in a herd of Indian ponies will be found decorated with colored flannel or cotton collars with bells attached; and the young boys will often be seen riding colts not yet a year old; while the warriors themselves don't disdain to ride them as early as eighteen months and two years. Were it otherwise, I doubt if the Indian would ever break his ponies, because, although they can ride a long distance, yet they are not as a rule good rough riders.

POLITENESS IN CHINA.—Chinese etiquette is peculiar. Perhaps all formal politeness is peculiar in the eyes of those who are unaccustomed to it; but Chinese politeness is, if we may say so, peculiarly peculiar. A Chinese bride called upon a foreign lady. On entering the room she deliberately turned her back upon her hostess, and made an elaborate obeisance. Of course the foreign lady was amazed and annoyed; but she found out the reason of the strange proceeding afterward. The bride's conduct had conformed to Chinese etiquette.

She had performed her obeisance—her k'o-t' ou—to the north, because that is the direction of the Emperor's abode. If the foreign lady was so ignorant as to stand on the south side of the room, that was not the bride's concern. She knew, if her hostess did not, in what direction to bow her head.

A foreigner was invited to a wedding. Bread cakes were provided in abundance, but when the feast was well advanced a tray was produced containing only two or three cakes. These were offered first to the foreigner, in a somewhat ostentatious manner as being hot. Perhaps he would prefer them in that condition. He declined them with thanks, having already eaten as much as he wished.

He noticed with some surprise that his declination seemed to throw a kind of gloom over the festivities, and that the tray was withdrawn without being offered to anyone else. It was not till afterward that the mystery was explained to him.

It is customary for each guest at a Chinese wedding to contribute a fixed sum toward the expenses of the occasion, and in this particular part of the country such collections are made while the guests are at the table. As it would not suit Chinese ideas of propriety to ask a guest for his offering, the tax is levied under the guise of passing him hot biscuit. In the present instance the polite fiction was understood by every one except the ill-informed foreigner, whose refusal, he being the guest of honor, rendered it improper for any one else to make a contribution at that time.

Some time afterward the same gentleman was invited to another wedding in the same family. By that time he was better informed, but the family were not disposed to take any risks. At the proper moment the master of ceremonies remarked, with more than Occidental directness, "This is the place for those who have accounts to come in and settle them."

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Delicate Question.

BY J. CASSELL.

CAPTAIN M——, may I speak to you for a moment, please? I do want some advice so badly, and I haven't anybody to come to but you."

The worthy skipper was well accustomed to be called upon for "advice" by his passengers usually on such important points as the wholesomeness of eating pastry at dinner, or the respective advantages of the port and starboard sides of the deck for purposes of promenading. But when the prettiest girl in the ship—who had, moreover, been specially commended to his care by her relatives before starting—came and begged for a word of counsel so entreatingly, Captain M—— began to look grave, foreseeing trouble, though he of course declared himself to be at the young lady's service in any possible way.

As the shrewd sailor had foreboded, there turned out to be "some love at the bottom of the business," but although the cause of the beauty's dilemma was perhaps rather hackneyed, the dilemma itself proved to be a somewhat novel one.

"You see, captain," faltered the fair penitent, looking shyly at her nautical father confessor, "there are several gentlemen on board who admire me very much, and——"

"Nothing very wonderful in that, surely," said Captain M—— with a chuckle. "If they've got eyes in their heads, I should be much more surprised if they didn't."

"There are five of them," resumed Miss Roserington, with an air of bewitching hesitation, "who are so very attentive to me that really, you know, it's beginning to get embarrassing; I hardly dare speak to one of them now, for fear of seeming to distinguish him above the rest, and I'm every moment expecting some dreadful quarrel to break out among them. So, as you've been so very kind to me, and as I really haven't anybody else to ask"—the captain grinned meaningly at this somewhat equivocal compliment—"I thought I would just come and beg you to advise me what I had better do."

Captain M—— looked puzzled, as well as he might, and rubbed his bearded chin doubtfully as he answered—

"Well, it ain't an easy course to take an observation on, that's a fact; but if you ask me, I should say your best plan would be just to take whichever of 'em you like best yourself."

"But that's just the trouble, don't you see, captain?" objected the belle of the saloon, with a very becoming blush; "I—I really don't know that I like any one of them a bit better than the rest."

"H'm—that's awkward!" said the captain, making an heroic effort to choke down a laugh. "Well, my dear, you'd better just give me the night to think it over in; and then to-morrow morning, perhaps, when I've had time to look about me a bit, I'll be better able to tell you what's the right course for you to steer."

Sure enough an inspiration descended in the dead of night upon the obliging captain, which he lost no time in imparting to Miss Roserington when they met upon the foot deck after breakfast on the following morning.

"I think I've got it at last, Miss Roserington," said he with the complacent air of a great scientist who had just made an important discovery. "We shall have to be going quite slow all this morning, you know, for fear of these coral reefs all round us; and the sea's as smooth as a mill pond; and I'll have a boat towing astern all ready; so what do you say to contriving to fall overboard by accident, and which ever of these five beaux of yours is man enough to jump after you, let him be the one for you to choose."

The romantic girl was quite delighted with the idea of such a melodramatic way of settling the difficulty. She agreed to the plan at once, and in less than an hour later the whole ship was startled by a sudden splash in the water, and a stentorian shout of "lady overboard!" uttered by half a dozen hoarse voices at once.

"Man the boat!" roared the officer of the watch;" run out your oars—lively now, boys—give way with a will!"

But ere the boat had had time to leave the vessel's side, help had already come from another quarter.

All five of Miss Roserington's suitors happened to be on deck at the time of the catastrophe, and hardly had the young lady touched the water, when the splash of her fall was answered by several other plunges in quick succession. The first to leap was Lieutenant Hastie, of the —th Dragoons, a slap-dash lad just fresh out from England, who flung himself over the side without even taking time to pull his coat off. Close at his heels went Julian Lake, of the East India Civil Service. Equally eager was the rich young Australian, Phil Hetherington, of Wurra-Wurra, Queensland; and his dive was followed so quickly by that of Sir Edward Dynecourt, the young Yorkshire baronet, that the two splashes sounded like one.

The only one of the five who did not seem to interest himself in the event was Mr. Robert Currie, junior partner in the Calcutta House of Chutney, Currie, & Co. —a tall, spare, brown young fellow, with a thin, shrewd face and a dry smile, of whom it was popularly said that "any one who wanted to catch him asleep had to get up very early indeed."

Whether his commercial acuteness had seen through the captain's plot, whether he really could not swim, or whether he thought that there were rescuers enough in the field already, and that too many cooks might spoil the broth he seemed inclined to content himself with the part of a spectator, and stayed quietly where he was.

"Oh, captain! what shall I do?" cried the young lady, who, thanks to Captain M——'s prescription of "warm blankets and a glass of something hot," was not a whit the worse of her impromptu sea bath, as she looked up in the weather-beaten face of her confidential adviser with an air of utter perplexity. "Isn't it horrid? I thought everything was going to come out all right, and now I'm in just as great a puzzle as ever. How can I possibly make any choice among them, when the whole four jumped overboard to save me all at once?"

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed the inventive captain. "Wasn't there one of 'em who stayed still where he was, and kept himself dry?"

"Well, what then?"

"What then?" echoed the captain, with a grin worthy of a pantomime demon. "Why, don't you see? Marry the dry one, of course!"

And so she did!

ANYTHING IN WOMAN BETTER THAN SULKS.—A disappointed woman is always a great mistake; that is, the one that shows her disappointment. She will cry—ergo, her nose will be red. She will be cross—ergo, her digestion will get out of order. She will sulk—ergo, the man unto whom her heart goeth out will desert her for another woman whose face is wreathed with smiles, even if it is framed in a winter bonnet. Men do like a woman to be prettily dressed, but above all things they prefer that she should be pleasant. So that when it comes to a question of sulky women in new clothes, or pleasant ones and old clothes, they are certain to choose the latter. Men hate sulkiness in women. They count it as their own prerogative. Personally I have come to the conclusion that what a man really likes is a thoroughly good, healthy, violent temper that wears itself out in words and is ready to be sorry afterward. There is a type of man who likes dishes thrown at him, but he is special rather than general. There is another kind that is best governed by a violent attack of hysterics, but with this sort of man the game is not worth the candle. But anything—throwing plates or hysteria—is better than the sulks.

CHICAGO has a woman engineer. The young woman walked into the Board of Examiners' room in the City Hall, presented her application in a manly way, deposited the official fee ($20) and then made her way into the line of applicants to wait her turn. Among other questions she was asked was as to the size of the blow off required for a seven-horse power engine, and what she would do if the valve stuck fast. When the examination was finished the examiners wrote at the end of her paper "accepted," and Miss De Barr is now a licensed steam engineer.

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A SICK LIVER

is the cause of most of the depressing, painful and unpleasant sensations and sufferings with which we are afflicted; and these sufferings will continue so long as the Liver is allowed to remain in this sick or sluggish condition.

To stimulate the Liver and other digestive organs to a normal condition and healthy activity, there is no better medicine than

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The most perfect, safe and reliable Cathartic that has ever been compounded—PURELY VEGETABLE, Positively containing no Mercury or other deleterious substances; having all the beneficial properties that Mercury is possessed of as a cathartic without the danger of any of its evil consequences, they have superseded Mercury, and have become the Pill of Modern Science. Elegantly coated and without taste, there is no difficulty in swallowing RADWAY'S PILLS; mild and gentle or thorough in their operations, according to the dose, they are the favorites of the present time.

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Recent Book Issues.

Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York have just published "Love Knows No Law," by Leon de Tinseau. Translated by Camden Curwen. Paper, 25 cents. A French story of great beauty, written with surprising strength and fire.

"The Adventures of Gil Blas," translated from the French of Le Sage, by Tobias Smollett, is published in one volume of 398 pages by Worthington Company, New York. Type and paper are both good, and there are some fine illustrations.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June number of that grand periodical for children "Wide Awake" is now out, and fairly over with interesting, instructive and choice reading matter, illustrated with splendid pictures on almost every page. Published at Boston.

"St. Nicholas" for June is a fit memorial of the month of flowers. There are buds and blossoms of story, poetry, picture and jingle on every page. The child or young reader who gets "St. Nicholas" possesses a perennial well-spring of delight and profit. Published by the Century Co., New York.

Among the contents of the excellent "English Illustrated Magazine" for June are "H. R. H. Prince George of Wales," "Musical Reformers," "On Horseback in Morocco," "Match-box Making at Home," "The Vanished Abbey," etc., etc. Every article illustrated. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The complete novel in "Lippincott's Magazine" for June is "John Gray, A Kentucky Tale of the Olden Times," by James A. Allen. The other matter is of the best class, being contributed by Ex-Senator Ingalls, Murat Halstead, James Whitcomb Riley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, etc. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for June is out and as usual contains the cream of the very latest doings of science. Many of the articles are finely illustrated, and all of them are of that character that the man who desires to keep pace with the world's progress in this direction needs indispensably to know. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" for June is one of the best numbers of that popular monthly yet issued. The matter is all marked by freshness, timeliness, originality and interest, while the accompanying pictures—many of them life-like photographs of the scenes represented—are numerous and in the highest style of art. Published at New York.

ODD KINDS OF BEDS.—Every one has heard of Sarah Bernhardt's curious bed which is like no other one to be seen in France or elsewhere. It is nearly fifteen feet broad, and when the fascinating Sarah is indisposed and receives her intimate friends, reposing on a couch, she looks like a red-plumaged bird floating on a great sea of white satin. The ex-Empress Eugenie was another who declined to followed the conventional idea in beds. Hers was raised so little above the floor of her bed-room as to give, at a hasty glance, the impression that she was sleeping on the carpet. King Ludwig, of Bavaria, had the most expensive and luxurious bed known in history. The bedstead was of gilded wood with ornaments of solid gold. The canopy was of blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and the counterpane was made of embroidered velvet, with a heavy fringe of silk and gold.

ONE FAULT TOO MANY.—Daughter: "I can't marry that man. He's bad."

Mother: "My dear, think how very, very rich——"

Daughter: "In his youth he killed a man."

Mother: "Youth can be forgiven many follies. Think how rich——"

Daughter: "Once he stole $2000 and his father had to pay it."

Mother: "That was all hushed up. Think how rich——"

Daughter: "He is an awful drunkard."

Mother: "Many gentlemen drink a little, my dear, and I'm sure he can afford——"

Daughter: "He says you are old and awkward."

Mother: "The wretch! He shan't see you again."

A WORLDLY father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter into society. "And above all, avoid flirtations; but if you must flirt, or fall in love, sir, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer." "Why?" asked the young man. "Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted, and cut you out before any harm has been done."

WELL THROWN.—On a day in January, some years ago, the people of a village in the State of Maine were fighting fire. The west wind blew a hurricane; the tavern and an adjoining dwelling house had already burned to the ground, and the entire village was threatened. The church stood in direct line with the fire, but the wide village green might save it.

Hundreds of anxious eyes were on the watch lest some spark or live cinder should fall upon its exposed roof and walls, which were kept drenched with water. A blazing cinder whirled high across the green and a strong, sucking current of air carried it and held it against a clapboard of the tall steeple; held it until the dry, pitch filled strip of wood ignited, and a brisk smoke was rising on the steeple's south face.

A groan burst from the watching crowd. No ladder could reach the spot, and the loved church must burn.

A red tongue of flame shot out from the blackened hole that the live cinder had charred, then—whiz went a flying snowball up from the crowd, a single, big, moist snowball up from the crowd, a single, big moist snowball, that snuffed out that blaze as one snuffs out a candle.

One Warren Bacon with his good left hand had quickly shaped and thrown the ball, and the church was saved.

The building still stands, and the pierced clapboard on the south side of the steeple still shows where the blazing cinder and then the flying snowball struck.

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THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of inraluable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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WHILE THE OLD MAN LUNCHES.

When do the clerks have the softest snap?
  When the old man's gone to lunch.
When does the shipping clerk take his nap?
  When the old man's gone to lunch.
The head bookkeeper he bats his eye
At the gaily dressed girls that go tripping by,
And the salesmen whistle and say, "Oh, my!"
  While the old man's gone to lunch.

The office boy boldly smokes cigarettes
  While the old man's gone to lunch;
The cashiers talk of their poker debts
  While the old man's gone to lunch.
The elevator boy reads "The Pirate's Bride,"
Without attempting the book to hide,
Though he keeps his off-eye opened wide,
  While the old man's gone to lunch.

Everything's humming. They're hustling now,
  For the old man's back from lunch;
No jangling you hear about poker, I vow,
  For the old man's back from lunch.
The head bookkeeper acts as if in a church,
The shipping clerk's brisk as a wren on a perch,
And of smoking the office boy shows not a smirch,
  For the old man's back from lunch.

—U. N. Nose.

Another Mystery.

Small Boy—"Mister, couldn't yez help a poor boy whose mother is a widder and out av worruk?"

Gentleman—"Poor fellow! How long has your father been dead?"

Small Boy—"Twinty years, sor."

When do two and two not make four? When they stand for 22.

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury when giving in his verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty.

Dentist: "Will you take gas?" Man in chair: "Er, I don't know. Is there any danger?" Dentist: "Oh, no. I shall ask you to pay in advance."

"What are you doing in here?" asked the other fellow who had just come in. "Just passing away the time," was the answer, as he handed his watch to the pawnbroker.

"Thickhed is one of the most ignorant men I ever knew. He doesn't know anything." "That's because he shaves himself. If he were shaved by a barber every morning, same as I am, he would know everything."

Wrathful suburbanite, who has just moved in: "Say, if you don't keep your side of this alley cleaner, by hokey, I'll report you to the health officer." The other man: "Go ahead with your report, my friend. I'm the health officer."

"These are the grounds of the deaf mute asylum, are they? Why do they have a railroad track running through all the aveneses?" "For the pleasure of the inmates. Deaf people prefer a railroad track to anything else as a promenade."

Modern Elijah, who inclines to be facetious: "I'm getting to be pretty bald, ain't I? Suppose you'll have to cut my hair for about half price hereafter, eh?" Barber, who is equal to the emergency: "Oh, no, sir; we always charge double when we have to hunt for hair."

In the province of Holstein, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty, but exceedingly fond of their cows. Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him. "Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor. "Ah, I have a sad errand, pastor!" said Jan. "What is it?" "Farmer Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him." "A hard task, Jan!" "Indeed it is. But I shall break it to him gently." "How will you do that?" "I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him that it is not his mother, but the cow."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

A new fashion is here to-day and gone to-morrow to make place for something else, and to come back again to earth twenty years hence, just as we are now having old styles brought up before our gaze as the latest things from Paris. There are the horrid box coats, the drooping veils, and the other day I actually saw a veritable "pork pie" hat, just such as I wore myself when I was a girl.

The pretty wearer of this ugly thing walked along the street with that high bred air of nonchalance mingled with a little pride in the knowledge that she had captured the first "pork pie" and that everybody else must admire and envy her. The hat itself was of black straw, with the brim turned down in a sort of tin panny shape, and around the crown was a little twist of black velvet ribbon, with long ends hanging down the back and with a large dotted Hading veil tied over the whole and brought snugly under the chin. The shape is very unbecoming, and there are very few persons who can wear one of them without sacrificing their good looks to a great extent. But it is odd and outre and will doubtless find favor.

There has never been a time when individual woman was so much of a law to herself in those matters as to-day. She can "go out in her figure," as they called it once, when women went without wraps. She can wear a camail, a cape, a sack, a wrap, a skarf, a shawl, a fur, a blazer, or a lace or feather boa. In fact she can wear just what she feels like wearing and nobody can say anything. And better still, she can "make over" and wear a last year's gown without being socially tabooed.

A neat and pretty way to make a variety in costume is to have a sleeveless Russian jacket of black velvet, lined also with black, and this to be worn over any dress, with a pointed velvet ribbon belt with long loops and ends in the back, with one of the new crape and lace jabots about the neck. This makes the plainest gown look dressy and neat, and as waists are apt to look worn while the skirts are still fresh, it hides the imperfection in a practical manner. I am not quite sure that I mentioned that a fashionable method of trimming skirts just now is to have a puffing of velvet or some other material, either a good match or suitable contrast, around the bottom of the skirt, and where the skirt shows signs of wear this hides the place.

Foot trimming has not been used very generally for a long time, but now is quite the thing, particularly on the lighter fabrics in use for warm weather. This is really necessary for a proper hang of the skirt.

TWO USEFUL SUMMER GOWNS.

I give two new and beautiful costumes for warm weather suitable for almost any ordinary use. That one on the right is of the delicate mushroom pink, with sprays of wild violets, and is finished at the bottom with a narrow ruffle. The corsage is plain, with a fichu of white lace and puffed sleeves.

The jacket wrap is very elegant and is peculiarly suited to ladies of twenty-five to fifty years of age, and will be adapted for the street, church or visiting. The body is of heavy faille, trimmed with dull jet passementarie, and all trimmed with a rich fall of Spanish lace. The ruff at the neck can be lined with white or colored satin, or be all black. The bonnet is of black lace with a tiny feather.

The other gown is also adapted to many requirements and is of tan cashmere, self trimmed with pink ruffles. The vest is of white pique with gold buttons. A pinked cape of light cloth to match would be pretty for this.

There are numbers of dainty patterns in outing cloths and crepons that are really beautiful and they make into garments that look rich and elegant. The cotton challies are also unusually artistic and pretty and cost about six cents a yard.

For traveling the faced tailor tweeds are useful and durable, and the nun's serge is also much used for that purpose, though this latter only comes in black.

Scotch flannels, non-shrinkable, will be employed for tennis suits, and all come in very delicate shades. Everything is light and delicate in color except the novelty silks, which rival rainbows.

Odds and Ends.

OF SOMETHING FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

To Restore Scorched Linen.—The following method, if repeated for two or three washings, will remove the discoloration without causing any additional damage, provided the texture of the linen is uninjured:—To one quart of vinegar add the juice of half-a-dozen large onions, a quarter of a pound of fullers' earth, about an ounce of yellow soap scraped down to shavings, one ounce of lime, and one ounce of pearl-ash; boil the whole until it is tolerably thick, and lay some of it on the scorched linen; allow it to dry, and wash it afterwards in the usual manner.

To Preserve the Color of Muslin Articles—All articles of clothing or furniture drapery made of muslin, which are to be put away for any length of time, should be previously washed and rough-dried, for if the starch is allowed to remain in them the texture of the muslin will be injured, and ironing makes them turn yellow.

A Simple Cure for Corns.—Linseed oil is a sure remedy for both hard and soft corns. If they are inflamed and very painful the relief it gives in a short time is most grateful. Bind on a piece of soft rag saturated with the linseed oil, and continue to damp it with oil every night and morning until the corn can be removed easily and without pain.

To Clean Gold Jewelry.—Make a lather of plain yellow soap and tepid water, and wash the ornaments in it; dry them thoroughly, and afterwards brush them with a little dry whiting, finally polishing them with a very soft leather.

Indications of Wholesomeness in Mushrooms.—The flesh of a wholesome mushroom is white, the texture brittle, and the flavor and odor agreeable. If, on the contrary, it has a bitter, astringent taste, an unpleasant perfume, and the flesh is soft and watery, it should not be used. The safe kinds grow principally in open places, such as dry pastures and waste lands, and those which grow in humid or shaded places, or woods and caverns, should be generally treated as suspicious.

Medicated Gingerbread Nuts.—The following will be found a very useful receipt. Three drachms of jalap, half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one ounce of moist sugar, a quarter of an ounce of ginger, five ounces of treacle, and the rind of one lemon; divide into thirty gingerbread nuts, and bake as usual.

A Good Varnish for Furniture or Floors.—Two pounds of shellac, half an ounce of mastic, and a pint of alcohol. Dissolve cold, stirring it constantly to prevent the evaporation of the alcohol.

Picture Frames.—The gilding of picture frames would not become tarnished so soon if they were more frequently wiped than they usually are. To do this a very soft silk handkerchief should be used, and the intricacies of their carvings and mouldings should be carefully dusted out with a large camel's-hair brush.

To Make Candles which are too Large, Fit into Small Candlesticks—Dip the end of each candle into hot water, and let it remain until it is slightly melted. This will be found much cleaner and quicker than the more usual method of scraping the ends; and if the candles are placed immediately in the sockets while they are still warm, they will generally stand, and remain straight, as the melting wax adheres slightly to the socket or candlestick.

To Wash Chintz so as to Preserve its Gloss.—Boil two pounds of rice in two gallons of water until it is quite soft; when done pour the whole into a tub, let it stand until it is about the usual warmth for washing colored linens, then put the chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap. Wash it in this until it appears to be quite clean, then boil the same quantity of rice, but strain it from the water, and mix it with warm water. Wash the chintz in this, and afterwards rinse it in the water the rice was boiled in; this will answer instead of starch to stiffen it. When dry, hang it as smooth as possible, and, if necessary, rub it with a very smooth stone; but do not, on any account iron it.

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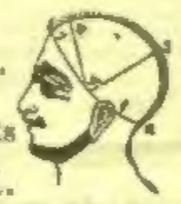

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